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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

PARENTS!
Did you take the advice we gave you in this space last week?
BOYS!
Ditto.

No. 687. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 17, 1903. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

NOT PROUD OF HIS LOOKS.

A YOUNG man who was very ugly went to a photographer's studio, and, after some blushing, asked the artist if he had amongst his samples a picture of any man who resembled him but was better looking.

"What do you mean?" asked the photographer.

"Well," he replied, "I am just engaged to be married, and the young lady says that she does not mind my being plain because I am so nice, but that she wants a better-looking picture to show her friends."

NODD: "My baby looks lovely when he is asleep. You ought to see him."

Todd: "When shall I call?"

Nodd: "Any time during the day."

YOUNG WIFE (at dinner): "I didn't tell you, Adolphus, I cooked the dinner to-day myself."

Husband: "Indeed! Then in my thoughts I have been doing poor Mary Ann a great injustice."

GETTING ON.

A LADY on entering the kitchen early one morning saw a plate and knife and fork, the former of which had evidently contained rabbit pie. The lady strongly suspected a certain policeman of having supped off it, and the following conversation took place between her and the cook;

Mistress: "Jane, what's become of the cold rabbit pie that was left?"

Jane: "Oh, I didn't think it was wanted, mum, so I gave it to the dog."

Mistress (sarcastically): "Does the dog use a knife and fork, then?"

Jane (unabashed): "Not very well yet, mum; but I am teaching him to!"

"ARE you blind by nature?" asked the charitably inclined citizen.

"No, sir," candidly replied the beggar; "I'm blind by profession."

JACKSON: "Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening."

Wilson: "In what way?"

Jackson: "He lent me an umbrella."

HE TOOK THE HINT.

"YES," she said, in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically! "'beautiful' hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them, the songs of to-day are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you; yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments of which one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked, warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of eleven, "because there is a line in that song which says, 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough, and arose, and went silently out into the night.

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GATHERING CHERRIES.

A Poem Telling of Lovemaking.

Out in the sweet shady orchard was she,
Picking the fruit from the old cherry tree;
And somebody whistling an air soft and low,
Stood at the gateway, unwilling to go.
"If you have nothing your spare time to fill,
You might come and help me—that is, if you will;
For it's growing so late, you can easily see,
I never shall gather them all," said she!

He'd nothing to do and the gateway swung wide,
So he crossed the old orchard and stood by her side,
And helped her so well and so steadily,
That soon not a cherry was left on the tree.
Then softly the dusk was beginning to fall!
Said she, "Now I think we have gathered them all."
"There are only two ripe ones that still I can see,
I must, if I can, gather those," said he!

She gazed where he pointed, up into the tree,
But never a glimpse of a cherry could see.
"Your lips were the cherries I meant," he cries,
As slyly he stooped him to gather his prize;
But merrily, mockingly, turned she to flee—
"You may pick them—that is, *if you can*," laughed she;
And I fancy he could, for last night in the lane,
She was paying him in his own coin again!

HAVING A HARD TIME.

"HERE I've been running for years," said the hall clock, "and I haven't moved an inch. I wouldn't mind that so much, but every evening about 8.30 the young lady of the family turns me back because she says I'm too fast, and then in the morning the old man comes along and grumbles because I'm too slow."

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

"YES," said the newly-made bride, "Jack and I married in haste."

"Well, dear," rejoined her former girl chum, "you ought to be thankful for that."

"Why so?" asked the young wife in surprise.

"Because," answered the ex-chum, "if Jack had taken time to think it over you would be scheduled for the spinster stakes."

HUSBAND (impatiently): "Where's your mistress? She said she'd be ready in a minute, and I've waited half an hour."

Maid: "She'll be down in a second, sir. She's changing her complexion to match her new gown."

"Have you any defects?"

"Yes, sir, I am short-sighted."

"How can you prove it?"

"Easily enough, doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder in the wall?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't."

SOLD BY THE SHOCK.

A FARMER went on a visit to a friend. After dinner the husbandman requested to be shown round the town.

After visiting several places they finally reached the electric lighting works.

"What d'ye call this place, Dan?" queried the farmer.

"This is called the electric plant," was the reply.

"Plant! What do they grow?"

"They grow currents."

"How do they sell 'em—by the bushel?"

"They don't sell 'em by the bushel; they sell 'em by the shock."

"OH, Mr. Jones! which of the song-birds are you most fond of?"

"I prefer the hen, Miss Dorothy."

"But the hen isn't a singing-bird."

"Well, it's the only bird whose lay I care for."

BOBBY (at the Zoo): "I wonder why the tiger doesn't lie down and go to sleep once in a while?"

Nurse: "I am sure I don't know, Bobby."

Bobby: "Do you suppose he's afraid he will turn into a rug if he does?"

A DRAWING TITLE.

A THEATRICAL manager was approached by a dramatist with a new play, for which the latter predicted a brilliant success.

"Your house has been literally empty of late," he said, "but this play of mine will attract all London."

"You seem very confident," remarked the manager. "On what do you base your hopes?"

"On its title," replied the author.

"Why, what is it called?"

"*The Corkscrew.*"

"Nothing very startling about that."

"Maybe not; but think of its extraordinary drawing power!"

"HER marriage was a great disappointment to her friends."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. They all predicted it would turn out unhappily, and it didn't."

"PROFESSOR, don't you think many of the so-called inanimate things can feel pain?"

"There is nothing more certain in the world. Have you never observed how a piano wails and groans when the average performer strikes it?"

INQUIRED THE PRICE.

HE: "Then everything is fixed, and we can be married in October, can't we?"

She: "There is only one thing I have not spoken of, and mamma insisted that I must."

"Certainly, my angel. What is it? Bid me go through any trial for your dear sake, and I'll do it. Ask for the 'Golden Fleece,' and if such a thing is in existence I'll get it—aye, even though I must swim the seas, climb the loftiest [illegible] or search in the fuming craters of mighty volcanoes—I'll do it."

"If it isn't much, my dear, mamma said I must ask you how much you intend to allow me a week for pin-money."

"Um—er—how much are pins a packet now?"

THE BOYS' LEADER.
1D. Second number out on TUESDAY next, SEPTEMBER 15th. 1D.

A CHANGE OF NAME.

"I WISH I were you, Lucille."

"Oh, Heather, how can you say such things? Imagine you, well-born, wealthy, beautiful—a heroine of romance to the life—envying the lot of a poor little governess. Why, Heather, you've just everything a girl could desire, whereas I——" the speaker shrugged her shoulders and sighed disconsolately.

"You are forgetting, my dear," returned her companion; "you possess just the one thing that I lack, and without which all the rest is worse than useless."

"And that?"

"Liberty, my dear Lucille—liberty to make your life or mar it, as you choose."

"I can't see that I have any choice either way. Not much prospect of anything but hard work for a teacher in a girls' boarding school, as you ought to know, Heather."

"Even so, there are still possibilities. Who knows at Kirkley you may meet the one man whom above all others you would most wish to care for you. You may——"

"Don't be foolish, Heather. I've told you already the male population at Kirkley consists—according to Miss Reid—of the doctor, a middle-aged man with a large family; the curate, also middle-aged and a confirmed bachelor; and the sexton."

"Any way, Lucille, your future still holds a glorious element of uncertainty which mine does not possess. To-morrow we leave our school days behind for ever. Who knows what your fate may be? Mine, alas! is settled. I am to marry a man I have never seen, and whom I shall never care for.

"Yes," she added impatiently, "I know what you are going to say, that I need not marry Walter Tremayne unless I choose, that it is a free country, and all the rest of it. But then, you see, Lucille, it was my father's wish. His last words were how greatly he desired me to marry my cousin. And so I cannot bring myself to refuse. If I could only wait a while, even a year, before I decided; but as it is Walter returns to England in June, and I must give him my answer then and there."

"And what are you going to do till June, Heather?"

"I am to stop with some friends of my guardian—people I hardly know, and don't want to."

"Haven't they seen you?"

"No, and my guardian is too busy to run down and introduce me. For all they can tell I may be something quite different from what I am." She broke off suddenly and stared at her friend, her dark eyes sparkling with merriment, her cheeks flushed to a richer carmine than their wont.

"Why, Lucille, here's the very chance that I've been longing for; how stupid of me not to think of it sooner. Lady Howard has only heard a vague account of me—tall, slight, and fair—and Miss Reid knows as little about you. The description suits both of us. We will change places; you shall be Lady Heather Gray—I will be Lucille Russell."

"Oh, Heather, impossible!"

"Oh, Lucille," mimicked the girl, "it's lovely! You know you always love to read about 'Society,' whereas I'm bored to death at the mere thought of it. Dear Lucille, say you will! It's only for three months. I'll see to your clothes."

Three months of gaiety, pretty dresses, unlimited opportunities for enjoyment were more than the girl could resist, and she assented.

The next day found her in the midst of all the luxury and splendour that she so desired. "A little nervous," was Lady Howard's verdict on the supposed Lady Heather, "but extremely pretty and most refined."

Hardly as satisfactory were the conclusions that Miss Reid and her sister May arrived at concerning their new governess, Lucille Russell.

"You know, my dear," said the elder lady, "it hardly seems decorous that a governess should be so good-looking. I shouldn't so much mind if she were less striking in her appearance, but as it is I fear she'll never, never have that staid manner so desirable for a successful teacher."

"Never mind," said her sister consolingly, "let's hope no one will notice it."

Miss Reid shook her head, and wished she had waited till the holidays were over before she had engaged her "musical assistant," as she called her. People always noticed things so much more in the holidays, and already the curate had inquired who she was and where she came from. Positively there he was again, and the new governess in the garden.

"Miss Russell, it's time you were indoors."

And "Miss Russell" suddenly realised that her liberty was after all only comparative.

* * * * *

"I have been wondering whether Miss Reid would consider me an eligible music pupil, Miss Russell?"

"Provided you're hard-working and persevering, I don't see why she should object."

"But what about you?"

"I? Oh, you wouldn't be in my department. Miss Reid undertakes all the beginners."

"For all you know I may be most proficient."

"In that case you would be turned over to Mr. Wells, the organist. I shouldn't have anything to do with you either way."

"You don't seem to regret it much."

The girl laughed, a ringing, joyous peal. "You can't expect a poor, hard-worked music-teacher to rejoice at the prospect of another pupil."

"Somehow I never can associate you with teaching. You're not sad-coloured enough for your profession, Miss Russell."

"I've not been in it long enough, perhaps," she said with a little sigh, not as her companion thought because of the profession, but rather at the thought of leaving it.

"I shall never cease to be grateful to Providence, or rather Bob Maclean, that I came here this Spring-time," he remarked rather irrelevantly.

The girl glanced at him dubiously. "Mrs. Maclean is very nice, and the doctor is an old darling," she admitted, "also Bob's not a bad sort of boy, but the family attractions hardly seem to call for eternal gratitude."

"I wasn't thinking of the Macleans," he replied.

"No? Possibly it is Miss Reid. Why, oh, why did you not tell me? If only I had known——"

The young fellow laid his hand upon her arm.

"Don't!" he said quietly. "I'm serious."

"You look so, at any rate," she retorted, facing him with a mischievous smile. But somehow she was not able to bear the steady gaze of his dark eyes, and presently she felt the hot blood rushing to her cheeks, her hands trembled, she could not look at him.

Under his fair moustache the young man smiled. Then, slipping his arm about her waist, he drew the supple, girlish form towards him.

"Do you know you're awfully pretty?" he said, daringly.

"Do you know you're most impertinent?" she began.

But the next moment her lips were closed in a summary and, to all appearances, a satisfactory manner, for the golden head pillowed itself on his rough tweed coat as though it were an ideal resting-place.

"Lucille," he murmured, "my Lucille. To think that two months ago I did not know you. Now do you wonder I am eternally grateful to Bob Maclean? Imagine, sweetheart, if I had not come to this out-of-the-way spot, I should never have met you, never have kissed you. Let me have another, darling!"

"Suppose Miss Reid saw us?"

"Hang Miss Reid," was the rejoinder. "You've nothing and nobody to consider now but me."

"Oh, what a conceited boy!" she laughed. "Supposing I expect the same devotion from you?"

"You have it, dear, already."

"What about your people?"

"I have none. Like you, my sweet, I am all alone. So much the more we'll love each other. Come, darling, put your hands in mine and say, 'Walter, I love you more than all the world!'"

"Walter! I had forgotten that was your name," she stammered.

Walter! It brought to her mind the future, all thought of which she'd tried so earnestly to banish.

A sudden fear took possession of her. What had she done? What had she been thinking of? Virtually pledged to her cousin Walter Tremayne, she had masqueraded as a girl whose word was free as her heart had been till her lover had captured it.

How could she tell him, how confess that she was not the Lucille that he loved, but the promised wife of another.

For a moment there was silence between them, then, in an ecstasy of tenderness, she twined her arms about his neck, raising her face until it met his own.

"I love you—love you, dear," she said. And he was satisfied.

Now, inasmuch as Walter Harlow was by profession an author, and therefore more or less conversant with human weaknesses, he ought not to have been surprised to find that shortly after his afternoon ramble with Miss Russell village curiosity concerning them was roused to an extreme pitch.

Even Mrs. Maclean was unable to keep from the absorbing topic, and more than once irritated her son beyond endurance by her conjectures respecting his friend.

"If he is engaged, Bob, he ought to tell us so; it's neither fair to us nor the girl."

"I don't see where we come in, mother; but I, suppose there'll be no peace unless you know all the particulars, so," with a sigh, "I'll speak to Walter to-night."

And the result of the conversation was to cause Walter to use much strong language anent the ways of women in general, and village gossip in particular. Further, it did not advance matters.

His sweetheart refused to allow him either to tell his friends of their engagement, or—and this was infinitely worse—to fix a date for their marriage. So far as she had planned anything, the girl had decided to leave Walter in ignorance of her real name and position until she had seen her guardian, and finally rejected her cousin, when typhoid fever broke out in the village.

The school was at once broken up and the Misses Reid fled to spots remote. Mrs. Maclean would have packed off her dear Bob and his friend Walter with equal alacrity; but what was to become of Bob's sweetheart?

In vain he urged her to marry him off-hand, in vain he begged to take her to some friends. She would do neither. A letter from Lucille had decided her. The girl wrote in great distress and begged Heather to put an end to the deception.

And so one morning Walter Harlow received a missive from his ladylove, bidding him "farewell" till June, when—so she wrote—he would hear from her again.

* * * * *

Lady Howard was considerably perturbed. She was a well-dressed, gracious-looking woman at her best; but when, as now, unpleasant thoughts intruded on her peace, the wrinkles about her eyes, the lines round her mouth were apt to show more plainly than she cared about.

"Ask Lady Heather to come to me," she said to her long-suffering maid.

The much-enduring individual went to deliver the message, returning with the [illegible] ce that Lady Heather had gone out some hours [illegible] return uncertain.

Lady Howard tapped th[illegible] tightly. It was more than annoying, it was al[illegible] he should be so upset. If Heather's guardian w[illegible] to be kept under lock and key he should have done it himself, not have deputed the office of gaoler to her.

Within a week Walter Tremayne was coming to claim his *fiancée*, and the *fiancée* in the meantime had chosen to fall in love with Sir Kenneth Eyre, who reciprocated her affection.

"Well, I can't do any more," said her ladyship, who up to the present had certainly not done much, and dismissed the matter with a shrug.

Not so easily did poor Lucille—Lady Heather Gray for the nonce—dismiss it. She had enjoyed her visit to Lady Howard to the uttermost. All that was best and most attractive in the girl responded to her luxurious and artistic surroundings. She grew lovelier day by day, and when she met her fate in the handsome young baronet, Sir Kenneth Eyre, her cup of joy seemed running over, until, like Heather, she remembered.

And then she had written to her friend and begged her to put an end to the part she had been playing. Soon she would stand before her lover convicted of deceit.

But, for a few short hours, life was her own, for a few short hours her lover would believe in her, and she would quaff each drop of sweetness that remained.

Across the meadows, gay with buttercups and pink-tipped daisies, they wandered hand in hand, until they reached an old-time garden, a very wilderness of flowers.

"Dear heart, something is troubling you," he said. "Is it the thought of your guardian or of Tremayne? You know you would not let me see the old chap, though I urged you. As for Tremayne, well, of course, I am sorry for him, but, then, he should not have been such a laggard in love."

"Do you love me, Kenneth?"

"Can you doubt it, sweetheart?"

"I like to hear you say it," she whispered. "Tell me, would you love me, if—if I were poor, of humble station, a very beggar-maid? Would you play the part of King Cophetua?"

"Sweetheart," he cried, "I would it were so that I might prove how tenderly I love you."

"Dearest, I have a confession to make," she whispered. "Let me rest my head upon your shoulder, so."

With many a pause she told her tale.

"It was a whim of Heather's," she said, "and I fell in with it. Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth, how can you forgive me? I am not Lady Heather, a fashionable beauty and an heiress, but a governess, and a most unhappy girl."

For a moment there was silence, then he lifted the fair face to his own, and in a voice of infinite love said:

"And the woman that I love above all others."

* * * * *

"It is very well for you, Lucille," grumbled Heather some few hours later. "You're out of the wood, I am in the middle of it."

They were sitting in the little waiting-room at the station nearest to Lady Howard's place. Heather had sent a wire to announce her coming, and Lucille in a flutter of agitation and happiness had flown to meet her.

"I'll take all the blame, Heather. I'll tell your guardian and everybody. I don't mind a bit now I have Kenneth."

"My dear child, I'm not thinking of them."

"Who then?"

"You're not the only girl who has a lover, Lucille."

"Oh, Heather, I am so glad. Who is he? Does he know, and whatever will you say to Walter Tremayne?"

"He doesn't trouble me, it's the other. You see, he thought I was a governess, and he swears that Lucille is the sweetest name on earth. I wish my name were Lucille."

"And mine were Heather. But, dearest girl, he will forgive you just as Kenneth forgave me. Oh, Heather, you will like Kenneth. Why, here he is," she added, "and such a nice-looking fellow with him. He must just have arrived."

Woman-like, the two girls peep'd through the dingy window, and Lucille proceeded to expatiate upon the superiority of her sweetheart, not only over the stranger in particular, but over the world of men in general. Suddenly Heather gave a little shriek, and ducked her pretty head.

"Stoop quickly, Lucille, I don't want them to see me."

"I'm glad you're back, Tremayne," said the Baronet.

"Tremayne!" Lucille gasped, and pinched her friend.

"Thanks," said the other. "By-the-bye, how's Lady Heather?"

"Oh, all right, I believe."

"You believe! Why, you're staying at the same house, aren't you?"

Sir Kenneth muttered something unintelligible, and then hastily turned the conversation, discussing the prospects of the harvest with an unwonted enthusiasm.

"To tell you the truth, old chap," broke in Tremayne, disregarding the crops, "I am in no end of a fix. I am supposed to be engaged to Lady Heather, and I've lost my heart to the dearest girl imaginable instead."

"Who is she; what's her name?"

"The sweetest name in all the world—Lucille."

"The dickens—I mean—I—of course—I don't know what I mean, old chap. Supposing," here he turned round and, catching sight of the girlish faces peeping through the window, was seized with an inspiration. "Come in here," he said, dragging him through the door.

A cry of "Darling!" and an equally rapturous exclamation of "Walter," and then Sir Kenneth and Lucille discreetly withdrew, leaving Walter Tremayne—otherwise Walter Harlow, the rising young author—to give such explanation as he could.

Heather listened to him with drooping eyes, the colour rising in her cheeks.

"And so I determined after I got your note to come down here and face the music—in other words, respectfully decline the honour of my cousin's hand," he concluded.

"And yet I think you'll marry that same cousin after all," she said with a glad laugh.

"Never anyone but you," he replied aggrieved.

"And I am——"

"Lady Heather!" cried Lucille from the platform.

Grand presents are given away weekly in THE BOYS' LEADER.

☞ *Those who wish to enter this Competition now may do so by paying 3s. to their newsvendor (who will obtain for them all the Pictures up-to-date), or these pictures will be sent post free for 3s. 7d., by the Publisher, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta St., London, W.C.*

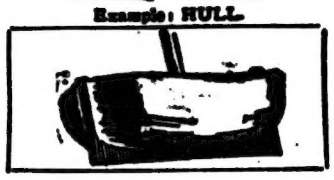
£5 a WEEK for LIFE!

(Which will NOT be divided.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

Example: HULL.



CUT ACROSS HERE.

Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). See example shown above.

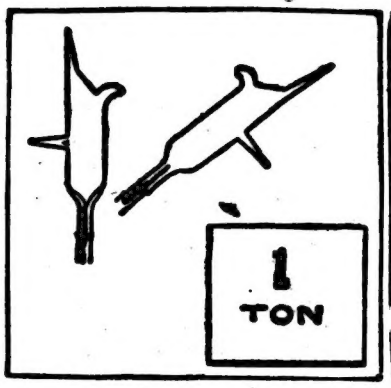
An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

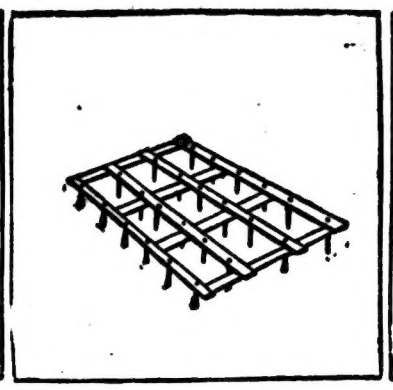
Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures, and discover the name of the railway station which each of them represents, under the conditions which appeared in No. 650 of *P.W.* and which will appear again. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU. A SET OF PICTURES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 a Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget* actually receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Cash Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £30; Fourth Cash Gift, £25; Fifth Cash Gift, £25; Sixth Cash Gift, £25; Seventh Cash Gift, £25; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Ninety-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each.

This same prize is offered in THE BIG BUDGET (one penny, every Thursday). There are not two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, but ONE prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.



199.....



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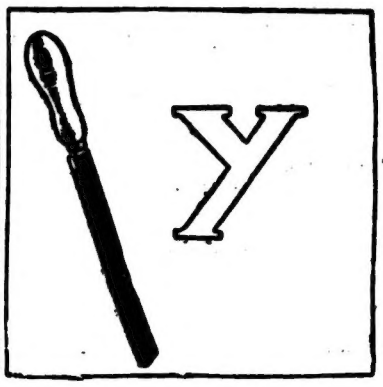

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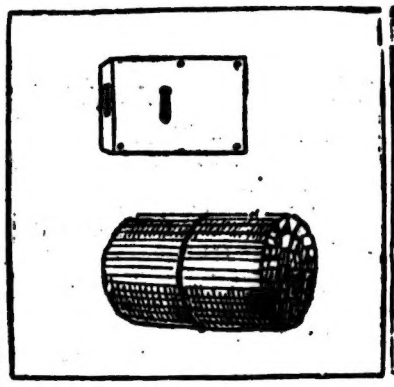

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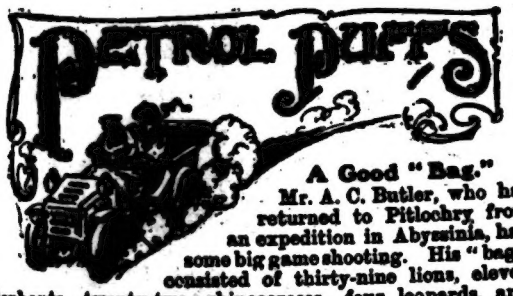
Name..... Address.....



A Good "Bag."

Mr. A. C. Butler, who has returned to Pitlochry from an expedition in Abyssinia, had some big game shooting. His "bag" consisted of thirty-nine lions, eleven elephants, twenty-two rhinoceroses, four leopards, and forty-two antelopes.

Volunteers' Appetites.

The volunteers encamped at Clacton-on-Sea recently consumed 3,200lb. of bread and 2,600lb. of meat weekly.

Six-Foot Loaves.

The largest loaves of bread in the world are those baked in France and Italy. They are often as much as six feet long.

People Won't Die.

The death rate is so low in Cardiff that an undertaker's firm there is running the hearse horses in the pleasure brakes to give them exercise.

Water Dearer than Wine.

The unusual drought in some parts of Austria has led to famine prices for water. Thus nearly 16s. is paid in Rovigno for a small jug of water.

The Biggest Coin.

A giant coin is being made for the St. Louis Exhibition. Its diameter is 49ft., its thickness 30in. The letters of the inscription will each measure 30in., and the date, "1904," 4½ft. The milled edge is 4¾in. deep.

Hungarian Superstition.

Hungarian peasants have a superstition that fire kindled by lightning can only be extinguished by milk, and owing to their refusal to use water a barn with a farmer's whole hay crop has been burnt in one of the provinces.

Slaughter of Kangaroos.

A recent report states that 7,407,863 kangaroos have been killed in Australia since 1877.

To Save their Complexions.

People who climb mountains are now darkening their faces with soot in order to protect their complexions from the rays of the sun.

Voters Wouldn't Vote.

Owing to the non-appearance of any voters at the election of the Prague Rates Committee another day for the voting had to be fixed.

Moving with the Times.

The new aerial navigation has already affected the naming of streets. In a Salt Lake City suburb a new street has been named Air-ship Street.

Fired by the Sun.

Paris possesses a small cannon, existing since 1786, which is fired by the sun's rays exactly at noon in the Palais Royal gardens, weather permitting.

The Language of Criminals.

"Shooting the crow," it was explained at Falkirk Police Court, was the criminals' term for ordering drinks without having the money to pay for them.

The Largest Thermometer.

In order to ascertain the temperature of the earth in Winchester (Massachusetts), a thermometer of 70ft. length has been inserted in a hole of 65ft. dug into the soil.

Pope and Cycling.

When Bishop of Mantova in 1899, the present Pope, Pius X., forbade the clergy of his diocese to ride on cycles, declaring that to be seated on such a machine was not in accordance with the dignity of a cleric.

The Cost of a Club.

It costs £170 a day to maintain a great West End club. Some of the items of its yearly expenditure are: Salaries, £11,254; rates and taxes, £2,646; gas and electric light, £3,083; stationery and newspapers, £1,476; ice, £3,327; water, £294; plants and flowers, £94; over £30,000 a year is spent by members for cigars and drinks, out of which a weekly profit of £100 is made.

Woman's Sphere.

A club of female students at Chicago University has decided by vote that beauty is better for a woman than intellect, and that her proper sphere is the home.

Smoking in St. Paul's.

"Smoking strictly forbidden" is a notice to be observed in St. Paul's Cathedral as one enters by the west door. It appears that many foreigners recently have been sharply rebuked by the officials for smoking cigarettes in the cathedral.

Novel Tramcars for Ilford.

Covered-roof tramcars have just been introduced by the Ilford District Council. The coverings are of wood, with glass ends and movable glass sides. It is anticipated that the cars will be exceedingly popular in inclement weather. Smoking will be permitted within the structures.

Green Hair.

A curious action for damages is being brought against a hairdresser for persuading a customer, just previous to starting for the seaside, to have his hair, which was quite white, sprinkled with a hair-tonic. Soon after reaching the sea his hair turned a brilliant green, owing to the chemical effect of the sea air on the tonic.

Can't Stop Smoking.

The recent effort of Mr. Fred Taylor, a director of a leading woollen firm of Batley, to discourage smoking has not been very successful. The sum of £1 was offered to each of 1,000 employees of the firm who should abstain from the use of tobacco in any form for six months. It was ascertained the other day that 300 of the male operatives have already disqualified themselves. The offer extends to women and girls.

Mont Blanc Made Easy.

An important series of works have been begun for rendering the ascent of Mont Blanc more easy. These include a refuge at the Couvercle and the repair of the hut on the South Peak, at an altitude of about 700ft. More important still, the best line of route for reaching the summit of the mountain is to be marked out with stakes driven into the ice. For the ascent of the famous Dou Needle, there will be hewn a rude stairway, with iron hand supports driven into the rock.

Your heart should warm to the Tartan on Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

?QUESTIONS? WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

VALUE OF FERNS.

Have Ferns any Practical Value? (6685.)

The underground stems of *Pteris esculenta* give food to the Maoris; the Aspidiums of Nepaul and the South Seas furnish sago. Lightfoot says that the first fronds of the male fern are boiled and eaten like asparagus by the poor in Norway, or brewed with malt for ale; and in times of scarcity bread is made from them, as by the poor in England in the reign of Henry VI. Exmoor ponies eat young fronds with avidity.

The ancients used the root and plant in decoctions for chronic disorders. The astringency of many kinds has secured them a place in medicine from Galen's time downwards, either as a syrup or a vermifuge. In Scotland many a cottage is thatched with bracken, and this, when burnt to ashes, makes also a cheap and useful soap.

More important than any of these is its use as a packing agent. Herrings from the Isle of Man to Liverpool, fruit baskets from the South of England to London, fish from Scotland, potatoes from Scilly, are all kept from mildew or decay better by bracken than by anything. And it is invaluable as a covering for pits of potatoes.

HUMAN BREATH AND BEES.

Which Insects are Revived by Human Breath? (6686.)

Bees are so, even when apparently dead. An old writer on the subject describes how, during a very wet May, he discovered a hive which had been working well previously, whose tenants seemed to be dead; but by putting a few of them into his hand, and breathing upon them for several minutes, he at last observed some motion at the second joint of their horns; by persevering he revived them all, and they became the best hive in his garden. He is, however, careful to remark that those who use pomatum, perfume, or hair powder should not make too free with the insects during the process of restoration.

The secret, of course—though at one time the thing was regarded as miraculous—is in the warmth conveyed; but, besides this, there is no doubt that bees are roused by human breath, to which they have such an antipathy that they are much more easily handled if the operator draws his breath gently, and takes care not to direct it against them.

HALCYON DAYS.

What are "Halcyon Days"? (6687.)

The seven days preceding and the seven days following the winter solstice were called by the ancients "Halcyon days." This phrase is derived from a fable which sets forth that Halcyone, a princess who grieved so deeply for the loss at sea of her spouse, was sent thither in pity in the form of a halcyon-bird or kingfisher.

According to the legend the halcyon-bird had, during the time of breeding, the power of lulling the waves, and it was believed that at this time the sea was always calm, and might be navigated in perfect security. Experience, of course, dispelled this fable, but, like many another old-world story, it has left behind it a distorted meaning.

In this case the connection between the old and the new significance is clear, for the term, once expressive of peace and calm upon the waters, is equally expressive of tranquillity upon the sea of life.

THE FIRST ENGLISH REGATTA.

When was the First "Regatta" held in England? (6684.)

T. Doggett, the comedian, has been regarded as the founder of aquatic sports in England, since he first instituted, in 1716, annual prizes for rowing, and these rowing matches have been continued until the present day. But in the winter of 1774, Lord Lyttelton and the "Savoir Vivre" Club determined to hold in the following year a "Regatta," which should rival any ever held at Venice.

This was arranged for June 23rd, 1775, and on that day the whole river from London Bridge to the Ship Tavern at Millbank was covered with pleasure boats, both sides of the water assuming the appearance of a splendid fair. Two races were rowed, and at the conclusion of the sport the invited guests proceeded to the Rotunda at Ranelagh, where supper was served at ten o'clock, after which a ball was given in the Temple of Neptune, a temporary structure erected near the Rotunda, the company including the Dukes of Gloucester and Cambridge, the Lord Mayor, and several ambassadors.

On August 7th of the same year, the Duke of Newcastle gave a magnificent "regatta" at Oatlands, which was attended by the Prince of Wales.

MEANING OF MELODRAMA.

What Change has Taken Place in the Meaning of the Word "Melodrama"? (6688.)

Nowadays "melodrama" is in general use as denoting a purely sensational play, with an all but impossible hero, heroine, and villain among the characters represented. Formerly, the word kept more closely in its signification to actual derivation. "Melodrama" is compounded of the Greek words *melos*, a song, and *drama*, an action, a play, and was applied to two sorts of performances when it first came into use.

It signified a play, generally of the romantic school, in which the dialogue was frequently relieved by music, sometimes of an incidental, and sometimes of a purely dramatic character. On the strength of his *Pygmalion*, J. J. Rousseau is credited with the invention of this style. Some of the so-called English operas of the older school, such as the once famous *Beggar's Opera*, and the once popular *No Song, No Supper*, are in reality true melodramas.

In the second place, "melodrama" was applied to a peculiar kind of theatrical composition in which the actor recited his part in an ordinary speaking voice, while the orchestra played a more or less elaborate accompaniment appropriate to the situation, and calculated to bring its salient features into the highest possible relief. The merit of the invention of this description of melodrama belongs to Georg Benda, who used it with striking effect in his *Ariadne auf Naxos*, produced at Gotha in 1774.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

How do Plants Sleep? (6690.)

The leaves of the common clover give a good example of what Linnæus called the sleep of plants. At sunset the two side leaflets of each set of three bend forward until their edges nearly meet, when the middle leaflet droops downward to touch them, and completes the picture of repose.

Some of the bean family assume as perfect postures of rest. The wistaria hangs the end and central leaflet of each cluster directly downwards, pointing to the earth, while the side leaflets drop in double rows, back to back. The leaves of the scarlet runner have a similar habit. The willow foliage twists into a position that is almost vertical, and the leaves of the vine are raised slightly at their edges, and depressed towards the centre.

All such sleeping foliage is singularly rigid, and retains the position which it has assumed. This persistence is due to the presence of water in the tissues of the leaves. At dawn of day the plants awaken, and their leaves resume their ordinary attitude.

RED TAPE.

What is the Origin and Modern Significance of Red Tape? (6689.)

Some think that "Red Tape" was introduced from Holland. On the wrapper of an old packet bought more than a hundred years ago appears the word "Haarlem," as if it had been made there, surmounted by a British crown between the rose and thistle, and inscribed "Warranted 9 yards." It was found to be durable, handy, and not easily lost.

The first official notice of its use is in the LONDON PUBLIC JOURNAL of December 6th, 1658, where a reward is offered for the return of "a little bundle of papers tied with a red tape, lost on Friday last between Worcester House and Lincoln's Inn."

Its modern significance is associated with the "form filling, memorandum making, signing, countersigning, backwards and forwards, and zig-zag business" done at the "Circumlocution Office," as set forth with such grim humour by Dickens in his "Little Dorrit." An ingenious gentleman, he tells us, connected with the Department, calculated that "enough red tape was used to stretch in graceful festoons from Hyde Park Corner to the General Post Office."

At a Court of Inquiry, after the Crimean War, the phrase was crystallised to signify formal delay and mismanagement.

A PIGMY FISH.

Which is the most Minute Fish? (6693.)

The world of science has been startled recently by the discovery in the waters of the Philippine Islands of a fish so small that no other mature fish has been known to be so minute.

This pigmy among fishes has been described in an interesting article in ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE. It seems that some officers stationed at Lake Buhi, a beautiful mountain lake of Southern Luzon, sent about a thousand specimens in a bottle by mail to Washington. They were christened by the long, but appropriate, name, Mistichthys Luzonensis, *i.e.*, smallest fish from Lake Luzon. The natives call them sin-ara-pan.

The largest example found hitherto was half an inch long, and the smallest less than two-fifths of an inch, and it takes about 16,000 of them to weigh a pound. This is an important and valuable food fish, and is made with spices into thin sun-dried cakes by the natives, who capture a whole school at one haul in a piece of closely woven cloth. This, the smallest fish known to science, is also the smallest back-bone animal.

HAIR AND WOOL.

How does Hair Differ from Wool? (6695.)

The microscope shows at a glance the enormous difference between hair and wool. Hairs, like nails, are modifications of the epidermis or skin, and are composed of horny cells which have flattened and coalesced, and so practically make a comparatively smooth shaft, which presents an even surface when magnified hundreds of diameters.

Wool is distinguished from hair by two very important properties. Each fibre of wool is covered with minute overlapping scales, all turned in one direction like the slates on a roof. These are not visible to the eye, but can be felt when the fibre is drawn between the fingers in a direction exactly opposite to the run of the scales.

Another property of wool is its great elasticity, derived from the fact of its fibres being so finely crimped or curled that they can be drawn to considerable lengths, and return to the original state when the pressure is removed. It is this property which makes woollen fabrics so different from cotton or linen. A third important difference is its power of felting, or becoming so matted that, by rolling, beating, and other processes, cloth can be made from it without being woven.

QUESTIONS.

6721. [illegible] fertilise the soil?
6722. What are cloud-bursts?
6723. When did the top hat originate?
6724. Who were the "[illegible]"?
6725. When did judges first go on circuit?
6726. Who invented spectacles?
6727. Why are fragrant flowers generally insignificant?
6728. How did the piano originate?
6729. Why do we laugh?
6730. Did a religious order ever build bridges?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

SHE: "Aren't you afraid you'll lose that stone in your stud."

He: "Yes; I'm going to have it set in a ring."

She: "Oh! this is so sudden."

"I WONDER if man is really made of dust?" mused the first dear girl.

"I don't know," replied dear girl No. 2, "but the one you marry should be made of gold dust."

EDITH: "I wish girls wore those big hoopskirts again."

May: "Good gracious! What for?"

Edith: "Oh, it would be easier then to keep the men at a distance."

BLONDE: "Yes, dear papa is very generous. On my birthday anniversaries he always gives me a sovereign for each year I have lived."

Brunette (witheringly): "Indeed? That must have been the money Charlie Doubleday meant when he said you had a fortune in your own right."

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(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

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R. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

All that is best on sport and boyish fun will be found in THE BOYS' LEADER. One penny everywhere.

Groans at a Penny Apiece.

Oddities in Automatic Shopping.

In America a Pennyworth of Sleep can be Obtained.

And You Can Blow for Beer in Germany.

An enterprising Yankee attended the recent lynching of a negro with a phonograph. Having obtained records of the wretched man's dying groans, he had these fitted into a penny—or rather cent—in the slot machine, so that the public could hear the gruesome sounds at the expenditure of a cent, or halfpenny, a head. Small wonder that the police stepped in and abolished so demoralising an exhibition.

Freaks of this description apart, the recent developments of the penny-in-the-slot machine have been so wonderful, that one is tempted to wonder whether shopping, in the present sense of the word, will not vanish entirely within a few years, and human assistants be replaced by handles, notices, and machinery.

It is a curious point that Europe is actually ahead of America in the production of novelties of this order, Britain and Germany heading the list.

Automatic machines for the delivery of railway tickets are a prominent feature at all railway stations in Berlin and the suburbs. The Zone system is in vogue on the Stadt and Ring railways,

which serve Germany's capital.

Ten pfennigs—about equal in value to one penny—is the price of a third-class ticket for any journey on these lines up to the fifth station from the point of departure; after that, double fare is charged. For second-class tickets the prices are fifteen and thirty pfennigs respectively.

To such perfection have the machines for the sale of these tickets been brought, that when two ten-pfennig pieces are put in for the purchase of a fifteen-pfennig ticket the machine delivers the ticket with a five-pfennig piece as change.

No one is allowed upon the platform of a German railway station without a ticket. These platform tickets, which cost ten pfennigs each, are sold by machine, and net the State £100,000 a year profit.

Even more elaborate are the Swiss automatic ticket machines in use at Berne. Glass cases contain the tickets, on which are printed the names of the stations and their prices. By dropping in the right amount and pulling a handle, the ticket is set free. The machinery is so constructed that if an insufficient sum or any base coin is inserted

the spring refuses to work.

The reorganised London District Railway system may adopt a ticket machine which, for almost human ingenuity, beats even the one just mentioned.

This machine not only supplies tickets, but *prints* them, and that more quickly than a booking-clerk can stamp a ticket. In addition to printing the tickets, the machine adds the cost of the fare and numbers each ticket consecutively.

More than this, it automatically adds up the total of each day's receipts as a sort of check on the cash drawer, and is able into the bargain to produce tickets of a different colour each day, so that the examiner may the more easily discern a time-expired ticket.

Worth mentioning is the automatic savings bank invented by Signor Artom, and already in extensive use in Italy.

The machine has three slits. In the top one a ten-centime, or penny, piece may be placed. If it is not good it is rejected through the second slit. If good, it is retained, and a receipt

delivered by the third slit.

When the depositor has collected a sufficient number of receipts, they can be exchanged for a savings bank book at the nearest bank, and command an interest of four per cent.

The workman who can save a penny a day is thus saved the trouble of going to the bank, a great boon, as these banks are as a rule only open at the hours when most labouring men are at their daily employment.

You can now buy a penn'orth of sleep. The Americans slily declare that the automatic bed is a British invention, but the fact is that the machine is in use only in the land of the dollar.

The machine is a little over six feet in height. Drop a coin in the slot, and there falls down into a horizontal position a leather-covered couch provided with a comfortable rug.

The tired traveller who misses his train, and has to wait for an hour or so, can by means of this machine take a comfortable nap. When he gets off the couch it rises automatically into place again, and can only be brought down by the insertion of a fresh coin.

Berlin's newest automatic machine sells newspapers at the street corners. This machine is already extremely popular.

Maps of London may be consulted at many of our railway stations, notably on the new electric line from the City to Islington. A miniature map in front shows you the number of the sheet you wish to consult, and for the sum of one penny this is let down and brilliantly illuminated.

A directory may be seen in similar fashion. The insertion of a penny opens the metal arms which hold the book, and it is kept open as long as required by holding one cover.

The automatic buffet is already well and favourably known.

In Germany beer has for some time past been sold in this fashion, but the two automatic buffets which are at work in London dispose only of temperance drinks and simple eatables.

An amusing variation of the automatic buffet is the machine which combines lung-testing with the dispensing of beverages. The customer inserts a penny, and then blows through a tube with all his might.

The extent of his lung power is registered on a dial, while at the same time the valve of a beer barrel is opened. So the longer the operator can keep blowing, the more copious the drink he obtains as a reward for his labour.

As for the automatic game machines, they are endless in variety. There is the Bijou Billiard Board, the Toboggan Skittles, the Automatic Shooting Range, the Game of Barrels, the Automatic Racecourse, and the Tivoli.

It is also possible for the youthful racer to purchase "tips" from a machine, and so obtain selections fresh each day for the day's racing.

New Haven, Connecticut, has public telephones installed at the street corners which are worked on the automatic principle. The boxes, ordinarily locked, are opened by dropping a nickel (2½d.) in the slot. When the receiver is hung up the door shuts automatically.

A PUZZLING CASE.

Now, I'm a learned doctor
  And I've taken my degree,
But there's a patient on my list
  Whose case quite baffles me.

I'm very great on optics, but,
  No matter how I try,
I really cannot understand
  The twinkle in her eye.

On human nerves olfactory
  I can learnedly inveigh,
But sometimes her nose is tilted
  In a disconcerting way.

Ills of the organs vocal
  I have cured in old and young,
But I'm baffled now completely
  By the sharpness of her tongue.

And so to solve this mystery
  In the interests of Art,
I'm going to try to find the key
  By asking for her heart.

If there is anything that worries a man who wears patent leather boots it is to have bootblacks trying to convince him that he wants a shine.

LONG: "Have you forgotten that sovereign you borrowed of me some time ago?"

Short: "Oh, no; I still have it in mind."

Long: "Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?"

SUITOR: "Sir, you are, undoubtedly, aware of the object of my visit?"

Father: "I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?"

"Unquestionably."

"Well, don't marry her, then."

OUR NEW SERIAL

will be coming along shortly. In the interval of waiting your time can be profitably employed by reading the one which is already running; also, if you have not yet had your character told, now would be a good opportunity for getting this done. The opinion of an unbiassed person fully qualified to speak on the subject is always acceptable. You can obtain a reliable character delineation by sending a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

IN A MOTOR-CAR HOSPITAL.

A Chat with the Hon. C. S. Rolls.

"Motor-cars," said Mr. Rolls, "are subject to many ailments, from a loose screw to a general break-up of their constitution, which may cost anything from a couple of shillings to five hundred pounds to set right."

At Lillie Hall, near West Brompton, Mr. Rolls has established a hospital where every sort of ill that motor-cars are heirs to is looked after, and some of these complaints can only be cured by the most delicate and expert attention.

The hall is a large, airy building, on one side of which runs a row of repairing shops, six in number, whilst the other side is devoted to the making of various tools and implements required in repairing motor-cars.

Each repairing shop is just large enough to hold the largest type of motor-car comfortably. In the centre of the shop is a pit about four feet in depth over which the car to be repaired is placed, and should anything be wrong with the underneath portion of the car, the men can work at it by standing in the pit.

Each shop is fitted with movable electric lamps, which the men use when working in the pit or at the interior portions of the cars.

"There," said Mr. Rolls, pointing to a powerful racing Panhard, "is a patient that just wants a little attention paid to the bearings; it is nothing serious, and the car will be out in an hour; but here in this shop is a bad case which will take some time longer to cure."

Mr. Rolls opened the door of a repairing shop, and disclosed what appeared to be a piece of iron framework which bore but little resemblance to a motor-car.

Some half-dozen men were busily employed in working at this frame, which Mr. Rolls declared in a few days would assume the form of a very valuable car. "It was a case of a bad smash," explained Mr. Rolls, "the result of trying to take a sharp corner at the rate of forty miles an hour which should have been negotiated at half that speed. Luckily no one was hurt, but the car got badly smashed up."

In another shop there stood an elegant-looking car, which to the ordinary observer seemed to have nothing wrong with it, and to be in the best of working order.

"That car," said Mr. Rolls, "is in perfect condition for ordinary purposes, but its owner wants to drive it in some speed trials, and requires its speed capacity brought up to the highest possible pitch.

"This sort of work," Mr. Rolls went on, "is of the most difficult and delicate nature, and must only be done by the most skilful of experts.

"It would be difficult to describe precisely the nature of the work to be done without going into a tedious explanation of technical matters; briefly, however, here is what has to be done to raise the speed power of a car:

"Of course, you know the car is driven by means of a series of explosions. In this particular car, at its maximum speed, about two thousand explosions take place in one minute; after each explosion the bad air created by the explosion is driven out through a valve directly after the explosion. By driving the air out almost instantaneously with the explosion an increase of speed is obtainable, but there are diversities of opinion as to how this should be done."

Motor-cars often come to Lillie Hall to be brought up to date. The mechanical construction of cars is constantly changing, and a man may have an excellent car which is, however, somewhat behind the times in construction. An expenditure of some forty or fifty pounds will provide the car with the latest improvements, and make it quite an up-to-date possession.

There are two large steam motor ambulance waggons at Lillie Hall used for the purposes of bringing in disabled machines.

If a car breaks down completely on the road, Mr. Rolls will dispatch one of these ponderous ambulances to carry it into his hospital, where preparations are at once made to receive the patient.

Directly the disabled car arrives on the ambulance, it is taken in hand by some half-dozen experts, who will work day and night until the car is once more ready for the road.

"Many of the cars coming in here," said Mr. Rolls, "are suffering from bad treatment. A car that is properly taken care of does not want repairing very often, but no car will stand being rattled along at forty miles an hour over bad roads.

"Some people will send me their cars regularly twice a year to be overhauled, and beyond that have little or nothing done to them, and their cars are always in good order; others send me in their cars perhaps twice a month, simply racked to pieces by reckless driving, and wonder why their cars are always going out of order, and nothing seems to teach them the reason."

NEW SERIES.

Questions That Perplex Us

The Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" has decided that he will from time to time, as great questions arise, devote space to explaining some knotty problem, either political or social, that may happen to be the talk of the moment. He will ask some great authority on any particular subject to express his views, to explain as fully and as clearly as possible what he means and what he wishes, and will invite from the readers of "P.W." expressions of opinion for or against the principal writer—all in an honest endeavour to explain in simple language what a great movement really means. "Pearson's Weekly" is the right kind of paper to do this. It has no politics. It has, indeed, no opinions or convictions. It is just a simple home paper for ordinary men and women,—"to interest, to elevate, to amuse," the motto of its first number and the motto of its present. If, therefore, some phrase occurs in any article that does not meet with your entire approval, remember that we will print your letter, or some letter of your way of thinking. These articles are to get at the bottom of things for the benefit of all. So we will start with "What Does Freer Trade Mean?" The term "Freer Trade" is the popular name for the suggested new Protection Tariff, and on this subject we have received the communication printed below from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

No. 1.—WHAT IS FREER TRADE?

EVERYONE knows what Free Trade means, but the newer principles underlying the recently declared Fiscal policy are not known to the majority of people. These articles which will follow each other in *P.W.* are intended to state the case for FREER TRADE. The Editor is printing them that you may understand why the Colonial Secretary should have moved in the affair at all.

Even those who think he is wrong will welcome the chance of learning his side of the question. We all love fair play; we are all inclined "to give the other chap a hearing," even if we won't believe much that he says.

Indeed, a man who loves his country sometimes finds himself wishing that politics never existed. For, when a new proposal is made, there are a great many of us who, instead of looking into it to see if it is for the good of the nation and of the Empire, can only remember that the Conservatives or the Liberals or the Labour Party introduced it, and support or oppose it accordingly. It is not by dwelling upon old dislikes and old prejudices that a man or a nation will succeed in the battle of life.

Now the scheme which Mr. Chamberlain has outlined is more important than anything we have had to consider for fifty years.

It deals with our chances of finding work and obtaining food; it has to do with our hope of getting even with Germany and America who are sending shirts and machinery, furniture and rails, carpets and tram-cars into Great Britain at a cheaper rate than we can make them, and thus driving our working-men out of the jobs at which they should be employed; it has to do with keeping the colonies who fought so gloriously in the Boer War friends and comrades of ours. So being so very important, let us sit calmly down and see what it all really means.

To do this we must first of all cease to trouble ourselves with the long words which learned gentlemen have invented almost as if for the very purpose of confusing our minds.

It is not the professors, the financiers, and the political economists who will have to decide whether this policy is right or wrong. It is the clerks, the engineers, the civil servants, the factory hands, the shopkeepers and their assistants, the farmers and their men, who say what the country is to do nowadays. If they have made up their minds that a scheme is a good scheme it will go through; if they hold it to be bad it will be thrown over.

To begin with: What was the position of the British Empire and our trade, which is the life blood of the Empire, in the early summer of this year?

Every nation of importance had raised a rampart around its frontiers. This rampart was called Protection, and it meant that very few manufactured goods could be brought into those countries without paying a tax.

With the United States and France, Germany and Russia, it was the same. If they possessed, let us say, cotton mills, which had cost money to set going, which employed thousands of citizens inside their doors and were a source of wealth to the country, they would not allow foreigners to pour in reels of cotton and shirtings and the like at a cheaper price than their own factories could produce them. You see, if they had allowed the foreigners to do this the cotton mills would have been closed and the workmen turned out into the streets to look for new jobs in other trades.

Great Britain had no protection for its factories and the hands therein. What was the result? The American manufacturers had no foreign trade rivals to fight in their own country. They had that to themselves. Also they had forty millions of Britishers who were possible customers to whom they could send their goods just as freely as if our country were part of America.

But our own manufacturers had only our own people to supply, and even those customers were shared with America; while, if they sent their goods across the Atlantic there were the custom house officers waiting to prevent them being sold as cheaply as the Yankees could produce them. As it was with America so it was with France and Russia and Germany. Not a square deal, perhaps, you will say.

There were other points besides of which we can speak later. The growth of the American anti-British trusts, for instance, and the danger of their flooding this country with their goods at cost price, just like drapers getting rid of their surplus stock in the summer sales.

Again, there was the bounty question, for of late nations have given help to certain of their manufacturers that enables them to sell so cheaply as to kill their British trade rivals. And when they have wiped out these British rivals they have no one to fear and can raise or lower the price of the articles in our country as they, the foreigners, like.

There is not much point in a factory hand seeing cheap shirts and bread and coats in the shops if he has no work that will give him enough money to buy them.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

I heartily welcome the discussion on our fiscal system which the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *is about to open in its columns.*

In the pressure of my work it is impossible for me to make myself personally responsible for all the statements made and arguments employed by supporters of Tariff Reform. Everyone must judge for himself, and consider how far our present system is consistent with his own interests and those of the country and the Empire.

Meanwhile I content myself with saying that it would be strange if it should appear that a policy adopted nearly sixty years ago was still exactly adapted to the needs of the present day, and I therefore desire the fullest and most complete discussion of a question on the right settlement of which depend, as I firmly believe, the union of the Empire and the continued prosperity of the people of the United Kingdom.

J. Chamberlain

Our trade with the great nations of the world is falling. This is a fact to be proved by figures; nor can we be surprised about it. Then, we being Colonial Secretaries, would have had to consider the question of the Colonies. They are glorious sons of Britain—young, bold, vigorous.

Our trade with them has increased by leaps and bounds. They have become not only allies in war, but wealthy customers in peace. It is of the utmost importance that we should bind them to us, and that we should warn other nations that those who try to come between us will get hurt.

To encourage their own manufacturers and their men each colony has built up a little rampart of protection, for when a factory or a workshop is young it can easily be crushed by cheap goods thrown in upon it by some enterprising foreigner who wishes to see no trade rivals in his way.

But Canada, anxious to show her friendship for us, broke away from this plan. She allowed certain of our manufactures to enter the colony at cheaper rates than were granted to the rest of the world. It was as if we were admitted to a theatre for ninepence when Germans, Americans, and Frenchmen paid a shilling. The result was what you might expect.

Our manufacturers were having a splendid time, when Germany woke up with a start. "This will never do," said the Teutons. "These Canadians—they are taking all their goods from England and Scotland and Ireland. We are being left in the cold."

So, after laying their heads together, they determined to punish Canada. When she sent things to Germany she had to pay more in the Customs than anybody else. "That will soon bring her to her senses!" laughed the Teuton gentleman.

A pretty state of affairs, wasn't it? Because a British colony helps the trade of the motherland she is to be punished by a foreign country while we sit by and twiddle our thumbs.

Now what should we have done if we had been responsible? If there had been a little rampart of protection round our shores we could have said to Germany: "All right, my friend, go along. Only when you send your machinery and glass and cheap clothing to Great Britain we shall charge you more in the Customs than we do France or America." That would have brought them to their senses pretty quickly, you may be sure. Only we had no means of doing this.

We could not hit back at Germany without putting aside the idea of Free Trade. And that is just what it is now proposed should be done.

So Mr. Chamberlain tried to find a plan by which he could help our manufacturers and their thousands of men by placing duties on foreign goods, and also to give us a weapon to strike back at our trade enemies as well when they try to injure us in an unfair manner. And this plan of his has been called FREER TRADE, because it puts us on an equal footing with the rest of the world. Many people hold, considering what has happened, that Free Trade no longer deserves its title.

We can scarcely expect Canada to continue to lend us a helping hand if we do not help her. Nor can we expect that Australia and New Zealand will follow Canada's example if we offer nothing in return.

It is for this reason that a small tax on corn is suggested, for corn growing is the great business in these new countries where the soil is rich and the yields are heavy. We should then say to Canada and the rest: "Send us your corn and we will allow it come into Great Britain cheaper than the corn of America or Russia."

So Canada and the other colonies would plant more corn; and our emigrants would go there instead of to the United States; and instead of our giving prosperity to lands and peoples not our own we should be helping our kith and kin.

And all the while they would be buying their cloth and their reapers and their forks and spoons from us because by the preference they had given us we could afford to send them into their countries cheaper than the cloth and reapers and forks and spoons made by foreign nations.

Now those who believe in these schemes argue that this tax on corn would send up the household bills very little indeed; while by removing taxes on sugar, coffee, tea, and tobacco, the poorest of us would live as cheaply as ever. Also the factories would be doing well and paying fine high wages; and with general prosperity and with every master seeking for men to help him, all wages would rise throughout the land.

That is the question as seen by those who advocate Protection. Next week we can begin to discuss its details and the arguments on both sides.

Please do not hesitate to write to us one way or the other, if you have anything of interest to say. We cannot print any replies next week, as we shall have gone to press with the second article of the series, but after that we shall print regularly all the most interesting letters that come to hand. Address your envelope "Question Editors."

SHE'D SAID TOO MUCH.

"Now, Maud," said Edgar, with a complacent smile, I am ready to try that little experiment. I am sure I can bring you under hypnotic influence if you will agree not to resist. Just put your mind in a passive condition. Try to think of nothing at all. Fix your eye on the light, now, and don't forget to keep your mind a blank. I will count sixty seconds by my watch."

The girl followed his directions literally. In twenty seconds her eyes blinked; in forty they closed.

"Ah! I knew I would succeed!" exclaimed Edgar, highly elated. "Now, Maud, I command you to tell me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I command you."

A momentary expression of resistance crossed the girl's face; then she spoke in a monotone:

"I love Edgar Popham, and——"

"Yes, yes!" cried Edgar, trembling with delight. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart."

"I love Edgar Popham," continued the girl, in the same tone, "and I would love him more if he were not so stingy. I want to go to the theatre twice a week, and he takes me only once in three months. I want diamond rings, and he gives me rings with imitation stones in them. I want a drive in the Park once or twice a week, and I never get it. When I go out with him and get hungry, he never thinks of oysters. When I——"

"Enough!" cried the young man. "Awake! I command you!" And he fled, without waiting to see the result of his command. As the front door slammed the young girl opened her eyes, smiled, and said:

"I hope I did not spring too much on him at once. Perhaps I should have let the drive and oysters go till another time."

The most acceptable birthday present you can make to a boy is an annual subscription to THE BOYS' LEADER.

I "DRIFT."

Mr. P. Doubleyou Spends a Day and Night Herring Fishing.

WHEN I mentioned the idea of going for a holiday this year, the Editor appeared unusually interested. I suspected his motives when he asked:

"Where are you going?"

I answered: "Oh, somewhere quite quiet and uninteresting—East Coast, probably."

I thought that locality would quite upset any schemes of persecution he might have. I was wrong, however, as usual.

"East Coast," he muttered. "Yarmouth, eh? where the bloaters come from! Good! An interesting description, Doubleyou, if you please, of your experiences herring fishing, and by Wednesday, certain. Hope you'll enjoy yourself."

He had done me; so, silently and sorrowfully, I took the train for Yarmouth.

I spent the next morning wandering up and down the quays by the Fish Market in search of an outgoing smack. I imagined that to be the kind of vessel for my purpose, and asked a nautical-looking person to assist me in finding one.

I then began to discover things. To begin with, I was told, you don't go herring fishing in a smack at all. The herring-boat proper is a steam drifter, or a lugger. I was recommended the former. Smacks fish chiefly for soles, plaice, and flatfish generally, and lower their nets to the bottom of the sea. A trawler fishes for any kind

in the same way.

Herring fishing is done on the drifting system, which I will try to describe from personal experience.

On the Sunday morning after, I sat on a coil of rope on the deck of the steam drifter *Lily*, a passenger for nowhere in particular.

The skipper knew neither at which port he would put in, nor on what day. All he could say was that he would steam that morning for somewhere off the Humber, and "shoot" his nets at dusk. If the catch should be a good one, he would take the boat into Grimsby the next morning. If a bad one, then he would remain at sea until he had better luck.

Herring fishing, by the way, is done entirely by night.

I asked two questions. The first was: "Why did he go up to the Humber to catch Yarmouth bloaters?"

"Because," he replied, "that's where the fish lie this time of year. In a week or two they'll travel south, and will be off Yarmouth from then until Christmas."

All Yarmouth herring fishers go north between June and August. The reason why Yarmouth is famed for bloaters is not because they are chiefly caught there, but because, when they are, they

are in their maturest state.

Yarmouth is the last destination of the travelling herring, and, when he arrives there in his millions, between September and Christmas, he is a magnificent creature.

My other question was: "What is a good catch?"

To which the skipper replied: "Twelve lasts."

A "last" is, strictly, 10,000 herrings, but actually reckoned as 13,200. On every 10,000 caught, the buyer takes, as the cost of his expenses in curing, cartage, labour, and packing, an additional 3,200. Just as a baker's dozen is thirteen, so is a herring buyer's hundred 132, and his "last" 13,200.

To do good business by a trip to sea, therefore, our craft should catch no fewer than 158,400 herrings! Think of that, ye anglers, who are proud with a dozen captures, and if you want your pride lowered, spend a night "drifting."

The general price for a "last" of good herrings is from £10 to £15. All depends on the quality of the fish and the state of the market. One night's good fishing, therefore, may bring in nearly £200—not a bad revenue for the labour of ten men in one small boat

for twelve hours.

For that is what it amounts to. Hard work on a drifter does not begin till about six o'clock in the evening.

The day itself is spent in lordly leisure by all hands, save the engineer and stoker below, and the cook.

The skipper himself is the "man at the wheel." The wheel-house is before the funnel, and contains just room for captain and mate.

There are two small cabins fore and aft, both containing a certain number of bunks.

We fed on salt beef, bread and herrings. Fishermen, by the way, know how the latter should be cooked, and are great connoisseurs in eating them.

At one o'clock, half a dozen men slid into the after cabin, and went to sleep. Theirs was to be night work, so they had to rest by day. The afternoon turned out to be windy, wet and gloomy. At about 5.30, all hands were called on deck, and six drowsy men got into oilskins and top-boots, put "sou'-westers" on their heads, and scrambled aloft.

Steam was suddenly shut off, the sails were lowered, and we were adrift on the ocean, to remain so for twelve hours.

As the vessel slowly drifted along, her 170 nets were smartly dropped overboard. Each net is twenty-two yards long. It is kept afloat by means of water-tight barrels, one fixed to each. The nets are all sewn together, and also connected with a rope two miles in extent, which is unfolded by steam on the other side of the boat.

Seven men were at work on "shooting" the nets. Two lifted them from the hold, and passed them to two others, who smartly dropped them overboard. A fifth man then flung the barrel adjoining each net with a splash into the sea, singing out the number as he did so.

Before half the nets had been shot, we had apparently pegged out a claim extending to the horizon. As far as the eye could reach were the barrel heads trailing

in procession behind us.

It is about the work of an hour and a half to "shoot" the nets. That done, the herrings do the rest.

The nets catch the tide, so the herrings may be supposed to swim right into them in tens of thousands.

That is a matter of luck. Given a clear, calm, moonlight night, and the best may be expected. Otherwise, the worst.

Then the men retired for the night. The herrings alone are on duty after that. At five next morning they will be relieved, for it is then that the nets are hauled in.

The men were again called out at that early hour. Their work in "hauling" is just the reverse of "shooting," but takes much longer.

Each net is raised in turn from the sea, and its contents in herrings shaken out on to the deck, as the net is thrown back into the hold, and the barrel, or "bowl," reclaimed from the sea.

Looking down into the water, I saw the beautiful silver creatures ascending in droves, as the men hauled up the nets. They had an irresistible "breakfast" look on their faces. Hundreds and hundreds of them were dragged up, all glistening in silver

relief to the black ocean.

Now and again a portly mackerel would be hauled in. The only fish that escaped were jelly-fish. Sometimes red, sometimes a gentle heliotrope, nearly every net produced one or two of the creatures.

Instead of arriving on deck with their less fortunate and more useful fellows, however, they slid down the nets again like people in a fire escape, and disappeared into the depths.

"We have caught about 5,000," says the captain. A very bad catch indeed; but, as he doesn't suppose anybody else will have done much better, he kindly decides to put into Grimsby the following morning.

For this I thanked him much. However interesting for one day and night, life on a steam drifter on a choppy sea for more than that time is not the most enlivening.

So we made for the Humber, and in about six hours baskets full of shiny, dainty-looking herrings were being hoisted on to the Quay.

They would be disposed of by a regular salesman. Our skipper would divide his share with the owner, and each of the crew take his due proportion afterwards.

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION.

A KIND-HEARTED lady saw a small boy seated on one of our park benches the other day smoking a cigar, which, she afterwards told a friend, seemed almost as big as himself. The lady is an enthusiastic anti-tobacco worker, and never loses an opportunity to impress, especially upon youthful minds, the evils of using tobacco in any form.

Seating herself by the side of the lad, she said, kindly: "Oh, my boy, wouldn't your father be dreadfully pained if he saw you smoking that cigar?"

"Rather think he would," responded the twentieth century young man, without removing the weed from his mouth, "this is one of his best cigars."

TRAVELLER (to the ferryman crossing the river): "Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?"

Boatman: "No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."

DOLLY: "So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?"

Polly: "Yes; and I promised to marry him."

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

"I WISH you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said the village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no ending."

"Excuse me, sir. I choose to keep it as emblematic of my love for you—it has no beginning."

CONFESSIONS WHICH PARTED LOVERS.

There's No Need to Tell Your Betrothed Everything.

"A FAULT confessed is half redressed," but in some cases a confession is seized upon as a pretext for breaking faith by the confidant to whom the secret is intrusted. A false pride is sometimes the means of severing hearts vowed to constancy.

About two years ago a young violinist who had been giving lessons to the daughter of a retired Army officer fell in love with his fair pupil, and proposed marriage. The parents were not averse to the match, and everything proceeded smoothly for a time. When, however, the young musician one day made the disclosure that, before taking up music as a profession, he had been engaged in trade as a tobacconist in a distant town, it caused quite a consternation in the family circle. The old ex-officer prided himself strongly on his blue-blood, and, rather than allow one who had ever been connected with trade to enter his family, he insisted upon his daughter breaking off the engagement.

Only about six months ago a lady of strong political views, and moving in good society, became engaged to a young gentleman after a very short acquaintance. The couple seemed suited to each other in every way, but just after all the arrangements for the wedding had been completed, a hitch occurred which upset the whole affair.

The lady, who was a pro-Boer, made the discovery that her lover was possessed of opposite opinions to her own respecting the late war.

The divergence of views might not have been an insuperable bar to their union, but when the would-be benedict made the further admission that for several months he had fought as a volunteer against the people whose cause his sweetheart espoused, she abruptly threw him over.

A Bristol girl lost a suitor through a confession which she need not have made, but which, once made, seemed to have a disastrous effect upon the shallow affections of her admirer. After he had given her the betrothal ring she seemed to think it an incumbent duty to disclose to him an episode in the life of her father.

The old man, whilst living in America several years before, had been tried for murder, and narrowly escaped the death penalty.

He had been attacked in a drinking saloon by a pair of desperadoes, and, in the struggle which ensued, one of his assailants received such injuries through his head coming in contact with a broken glass, that he afterwards died in hospital from loss of blood. The Bristolian was arrested, tried, and sentenced, but, additional evidence being forthcoming in the nick of time as to the desperate character of his assailants, he was at once liberated.

When, however, his daughter, years afterwards, related the affair to her betrothed, the young man, who was of a somewhat pharisaical turn of mind, made it a pretext, paltry excuse though it was, for ending the engagement.

A Sheffield man was recently bewailing an indiscretion of his which caused him the loss of a sweetheart. He had been very frank with her concerning his whole history with the exception of a period covering about two years of his life, to which he never made any reference. The very fact of his reticence respecting this one period naturally aroused the curiosity of his *fiancée*.

Knowing the strange abhorrence and dread with which she regarded mesmerism and all connected therewith, he concealed his secret as long as possible.

But, being one day teased for information as to his doings during the two years mentioned, he made the admission that he had spent the time in travelling as an assistant to a professional hypnotist. Under further interrogation he also confessed to being himself possessed of hypnotic powers of no mean order.

This admission so startled his curious young sweetheart, who, as already stated, had a great horror of everything of that kind, that she broke off the match in fear and trembling.

A most ample and unanswerable reason for breaking the bonds of love was furnished by an unprincipled suitor in Glasgow a year or two ago. He coolly confided to his promised wife a secret which, instead of increasing her admiration and regard, as he seemed to foolishly imagine, was the means of turning her affection for him into disgust.

One evening, whilst discussing their financial prospects, he quietly explained to her a clever scheme of his own invention by which he was able to rob his employers with practically no risk of detection. This was too much for his betrothed, who was a high-minded girl of strict integrity. She at once gave him up, and only refrained from informing his masters on his promising to abandon his evil courses and make restitution.

An Ipswich man last year wooed a lass who seemed well pleased with his attentions, and wore a ring which he gave her for several months. He had courted her as a bachelor, and it was not until she had "named the day" that he confided to her that he had been married before, and that his first wife was dead.

When the young lady found that she had been receiving the attentions of a widower, her love seemed to evaporate, and she revoked her promise on the ground that he had concealed the fact from her too long.

"Doesn't like you, eh?" She will if you take her SHORT STORIES every week.

Seats You Can't Claim.

Law for Travellers Only.

Railway Companies are Responsible for Your Luggage.

But You are Bound to Obey Their Byelaws.

The French Minister of Public Works has recently issued the following decree: "It is forbidden to take a place regularly retained in a train by another traveller." So in France, at least, the time-honoured custom of reserving a seat in a railway carriage by means of a bag, book, or stick has been sanctioned by law.

In this country, however, while the practice is universal, it has no legal backing, and, though cases of the sort are generally unknown, there is nothing to prevent a second passenger, in the absence of an earlier comer, removing the latter's property to the rack and appropriating his seat.

A railway passenger cannot be too careful in reading the printed instructions on his ticket, especially if it be an excursion one.

There was a curious case before Judge Bacon a few months ago. A passenger on the Great Northern purchased one Saturday at King's Cross an excursion return ticket for a station at some distance, good to return on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday. He returned the same night, and was thereupon requested to

pay twelve shillings extra.

He declined, arguing that he could return on any of the four days. The judge gave a verdict for the company, deciding that the conditions printed on the ticket were binding, although the passenger's attention had not been specially called to them.

That you cannot ride in a third-class saloon carriage with an ordinary third-class ticket was proved at Malton County Court before Judge Raikes in October last.

A minister sued the North-Eastern Railway for £2 damages for loss of time. Provided with an ordinary ticket he took his seat in a third-class saloon for the journey from Malton to Whitby. He was ordered out, but refused to leave the saloon. The officials thereupon uncoupled the car and backed it into a siding, and the train left without it.

The minister declared that if the company did not wish the saloon used they should have locked it. The judge said that the company had acted high-handedly, but, all the same, he felt compelled to give them the verdict, which he did, but without costs.

Railway companies always set forth on their notices and contract tickets that they will not be liable for any delays. It is quite true that they cannot be made liable for those

delays classed as unavoidable.

But for delays which might have been avoided under ordinary circumstances there are many instances of damages having been recovered by passengers who could prove that they had actually suffered pecuniary loss as a consequence of such delay.

Passengers' luggage, properly labelled, and placed in a luggage van is in the custody of the company until the passenger arrives and claims it. The taking of the luggage out of the van by a porter at its destination does not constitute delivery.

A railway company which runs steamers in connection with its trains is also liable for the care of passengers' luggage during its whole journey.

Some years ago a lady's luggage was dropped into the sea while the South-Eastern Company's servants were transferring it from boat to train at Folkestone. The lady's ticket was from Boulogne to London, and consequently covered the entire journey. She sued the company for damage to the contents of her trunks,

and won her case.

For merchandise packed in a trunk or portmanteau and passed off as luggage damages cannot be recovered. Merchandise in this sense includes blankets, quilts, and household goods.

Title deeds, law papers, and banknotes are classed in the same category, and must be specially declared or insured.

With regard to luggage, travellers by train should also remember that the company is not legally responsible for any articles placed in the same carriage with a passenger at that passenger's own request.

Again, if a passenger leaves his possessions on the platform in charge of a porter while he goes to the refreshment room, and if, meantime, the luggage is stolen, the company is not responsible.

Cab law has many and strange intricacies. Once you are seated in a London hansom it is practically your property for the time being, and you can command the driver to take you to any place in London. Should he refuse, you have only to call the nearest policeman.

A fare, however, is powerless so long as he stands on the pavement. If the cabby then tells him that his day's work is over, and that he will not drive him, the would-be passenger has no redress in law.

With regard to overcharges by cab drivers, which were so common a feature of the Coronation celebrations last year, the Act of William IV. is explicit.

It says "no agreement for the payment of more than the proper fare is binding on the person making it, and such person may, on discharging the carriage, refuse the payment of any sum beyond the proper fare."

The Act continues: "If any person pay the driver, whether in pursuance of such agreement or not, any sum exceeding the proper fare which shall have been demanded or required by the driver, he may recover back the sum paid beyond the proper fare, and, moreover, the driver will forfeit 40s. as a penalty for such exaction."

It is well known that a cab may be hired by time at the rate of half-a-crown an hour. So when a hansom driver was summoned by a doctor at the Southwark Police Court for refusing to drive a patient of his for an hour for two-and-sixpence it seemed at first sight that the case must go against the driver. But it turned out that the proposed journey was a distance of some six miles.

Now the law is that a driver engaged by time is only bound to go at the rate of four miles an hour. Therefore

the cabman won his case.

More amusing was a case recently before Mr. Plowden in which a cabman demanded an extra sixpence for driving as a third passenger a baby ten months old. Mr. Plowden told him that, according to the Hackney Carriage Act, it took two children to become a "person."

"I think I shall charge threepence apiece for them in future," suggested the cabby.

"No! No!" replied the magistrate. "You musn't charge anything for one baby, but if there are two, they are one 'person,' and you can make a charge."

One other point of cab law worth remembering is that the proprietor of a horse and cab is liable for damage done by the driver, but only if both horse, cab, and harness have been hired from him.

When a cab owner lets a cab only, the driver providing horse and harness, it has been held that the owner was not liable for the negligence of a driver who ran into a private carriage and injured it.

With regard to inns and hotels, there are many interesting legal points. In a recent case an innkeeper was sued by a gentleman for refusing to supply him with accommodation for the night.

It appears that the plaintiff's motor-car broke down near the inn at two in the morning. The plaintiff was supplied with refreshments, but refused a bed, as all the rooms were full. He went on in a carriage, was caught in the rain, and got

a severe attack of rheumatism.

His argument was that as the coffee-room and sitting-rooms were empty, the landlord had broken the law in refusing him accommodation. The case, however, went against the appellant.

An innkeeper, so long as he has room, is, however, bound to receive anyone who applies at any hour of the day or night so long as the guest comes in a fit and proper condition, and is ready to pay for such accommodation.

The traveller, however, must not insist upon occupying any particular apartment, while, if he has a dog with him, and persists in having the animal in his room, the hotel-keeper may refuse refreshment or further accommodation.

While an innkeeper is compelled by law to receive and accommodate *bonâ-fide* travellers, he is under no obligation to take in a neighbouring householder or a resident in the same town.

With regard to the personal property of his guests, the innkeeper is liable to keep all such safely, without any stealing or purloining, but he is entitled to demand that jewels or valuables shall be locked up in the hotel safe, and not left promiscuously about in bedrooms.

He is also liable for injury caused to his guest while in the inn by any negligence of his own, such as the fall of a ceiling or chandelier, a broken step on the stairs, or the like. But he is not liable for personal injuries inflicted on the guest by a third person, even if this third person be also staying under the same roof.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

Mrs. Scribbler (impressively): "Whatever you do, never, never marry a newspaper man."

School Chum: "Why not?"

"I married one, and I know. Every night my husband brings home a big bundle of newspapers from all over the country, and they nearly drive me crazy."

"The newspapers?"

"Indeed they do. They are just crammed with the most astonishing bargains, in shops a hundred miles away."

"And you permitted that strange young man to kiss you?"

"No, mamma; he didn't give me time."

Kitty: "Harry Dix says you are pretty as a picture."

Clara: "Nonsense! He didn't mean it."

Kitty: "Oh, yes, he did. But, of course, you know Harry's taste in pictures isn't anything to brag about."

THE PREMIER ON THE LINKS.

Observances when "Prince Arthur" Goes a-golfing.

Nearly all the very first-class golf links in Great Britain have been "sampled" by our golf-loving Prime Minister.

He has been secured to open many of them, and on scores of others he has spent a few hours at the earnest request of the committee.

No other advertisement is a tenth so good for the club, or for the individual members, as is a flying visit paid by Mr. Balfour. He lends a lustre imparted by no other means, for, all said and done, it is no slight honour to have the turf of a course and the holes personally examined and commented upon by the first gentleman in His Majesty's House of Commons, to say nothing of the pleasure that naturally follows on a visit from so genial and charming a personage.

Mr. Balfour is an excellent player, though he is no match for many professionals and others who have much more time and leisure to devote to the game than he. All the same, he can "keep his end up" very well indeed when playing with a good partner in an important match. He is what is termed an unequal player; one day he will do much better than others without any apparent reason for the fact. But as a player he has the reputation of being good-tempered and patient. Even the humble caddies who have served him déclare that it requires much more to upset the Prime Minister's coolness than it does that of the average golfer who is at all keen on getting round with as few strokes as possible.

When Mr. Balfour signifies that he will be pleased to pay a visit to a new club—or, at least, to a club that is new to him—a few simple preparations are made.

It is perfectly well known that "Prince Arthur," as Toby, M.P., of Punch styles him, is greatly in awe of being mobbed. He cannot stand being treated on a golf course as if he were on a political platform, and the simpler and more unpretentious his reception, the better he likes it, and the more likely is he to one day pay a return visit.

As a rule, when circumstances permit, a partner is chosen for Mr. Balfour whom he knows personally, and who is strong in such details of golfing as he is supposed to be weak in. In this way both sociability and a good game are assured.

A caddie who is absolutely to be relied upon for general intelligence and so on, is, of course, selected to see to the needs of the distinguished player. It would never do, for instance, to place at the disposal of the Prime Minister a caddie so dull and untrained as would answer the purpose of a new member of the club and a beginner at the game.

If a few spectators are allowed to go round the links, they would understand that it would only be on condition that they took very great care not to so press their presence as to be a nuisance. Many a practised golfer becomes not unreasonably confused and irritated if all his movements are open to the criticism and close inspection of persons who cling to a player after the fashion that a horse-fly clings to a horse. Mr. Balfour has had varied experience of the manner of reception. At some places he cannot get away from the too attentive folk, and at other places he might be the merest unknown stranger, so little is the stir caused by his presence.

When the match is over Mr. Balfour drops into the club-house for a cup of tea or other refreshment. Should he have the satisfaction of having been on the winning side he is heartily congratulated by the president, and such other members as dare to put in a say.

The visitors book is, of course, brought out and the Prime Minister's signature is politely requested. Mr. Balfour has no "side" on such occasions and his signature is as easy to get as is his good-natured smile. The club's professional man is sometimes given the opportunity of having a chat with the visitor, and details of the play are talked of. If the professional has observed any little lack of judgment in certain strokes, or in any of the various intricacies of the game, he may be invited to state his opinion for the statesman's benefit.

As a guest Mr. Balfour is an entirely delightful person. His modesty and his affability are well known to all those who have had any share in receiving him or in acting the part of hosts. Yet it must not be supposed that, when actually engaged in play on the links, Mr. Balfour is prepared to have his attention and thoughts distracted by people who would remind him of his public position; he prefers to be a golfer, and only a golfer, when having a stiff game, so showing his keen sportsmanlike nature and his ardent love of a good fight for victory.

Number 2 of . . .

The Boys' Leader,

"The Paper a boy can take home,"

On sale Tuesday next . . .

PRICE ONE PENNY . . . EVERYWHERE.

Why do people disappear?

In the Majority of Cases it is out of Sheer Fancy.

Sometimes the Missing Person's Memory Fails.

Foul Play is not a Very Frequent Cause.

The disappearance of the young lady doctor the other day brings to mind other cases equally baffling.

Seeing that some 20,000 people annually disappear from London, in various ways, this case is by no means exceptional. For most of the cases give no more clue than does this one.

The absentees are, in the majority of cases, people leading ordinary lives, with no motive for disappearing voluntarily, and the circumstances of their removal are free from any suspicion of accident or foul play. What is it that thus spirits away such a large number of our citizens annually?

A few cases of disappeared people who have turned up—or we might call them dead men who have told tales—may help to solve the mystery.

Quite a large proportion of these disappearances are no doubt voluntary. People have grown tired of their mode of life, and have impulsively taken it into their heads to change it.

A disappointment in love or business, debt, or fear of disgrace may be the secret cause. But as the victim of either usually keeps such affairs rigidly to himself, his friends can form

no theory as to his motive.

Such was probably the position with the young man whose case recently attracted the attention of the Probate Court in an amazing way.

He had left his home without any message. Advertisements were inserted, and inquiries made, but the only clue that arose was that a friend had seen him in the north express on Grantham station.

Three years passed, and it was announced that an elderly gentleman had died and left several thousands to this young man—a relative. Having long ago given up his son for dead, the father applied to the Court for power to administrate the legacy as his son's next of kin. The whole of the legacy, therefore, passed to the father, who at once retired from business, and left to live in the South of England.

The next thing to happen was the appearance on the scene of the son, who, on hearing of his good fortune, had taken the first opportunity of coming to life again. He claimed his property, was granted it, and now

supports his father and family.

The only reason of his disappearance was a desire for change of life. He had gone to America, fallen in with some enterprise there, and worked on without bothering himself as to his parents until the news came of his legacy—when, human-like, he promptly reappeared.

During the Franco-German War, Thomas Payne was studying medicine at St. Thomas' Hospital. Having a distinct taste for adventure, he one day took it into his head to throw up his courses and go out to the seat of hostilities. When the war was over, he returned to hospital, and after a severe reprimand for his conduct was expelled.

For twenty-eight years none of his friends ever heard of him. One day, however, during the election of 1900, a gentleman had been speaking at a political meeting in the East End. On leaving the hall, a cabman offered to drive him where he liked free of charge—being a supporter of the same candidate. The gentleman merrily agreed, but on reaching his destination insisted on the cabman

taking a drink with him.

In the course of conversation, he learnt that the cabman was none other than the missing Payne. Disgusted with his expulsion from hospital, he had thrown up his profession, and, after twenty years of useless roving, had settled down to the life of a cabman, which he finds more to his taste than anything else.

Of course, there are only too many cases of disappearance which result in the ultimate discovery of the body of the victim. But it is estimated that of the disappearances annually recorded, seventy-five per cent. are never heard of again.

Why, for instance, should an elderly builder, such as William Phipson, a model of matter-of-fact habits and respectability, have suddenly disappeared twenty-seven years ago, and never again been heard of?

This gentleman went weekly to his bank to deposit his accounts, and draw notes for his weekly expenses. One Saturday, on leaving the bank, he tucked a bundle of notes in his pocket, walked towards the nearest side street, turned the corner—and was never seen or heard of again.

Probably it was a case of "masked epilepsy," or loss of identity. This is one of the commonest known causes of the "mysterious disappearance."

The lunatic asylums of the country could tell innumerable cases of patients unable to give any clue as to their own identity, and who are detained pending the arrival of someone known to them.

For instance, a well-known language professor of Berlin wandered to a little place in New York State called Binghampton. He arrived in the town oblivious as to who he was. Of course the police at once took him to the asylum, where he remained for years.

One day a visiting physician recognised him as he contentedly laboured in the garden, and saying a few words to him, the professor instantly recovered his sense of identity, and was released.

An overworked journalist of Leeds, finding himself in a depressed state one day, omitted to turn up at his office. His landlady, when questioned, said he had set out as usual at the customary time.

Inquiries were set afoot in the town, but nothing had been seen of the pressman. Months elapsed, and he was given up for lost. His tracing was curious, and

bordering on coincidence.

Some acquaintances of his had been invited to a country house some forty miles away. One of them was one evening wandering through some fields, and stopped to speak to a farm labourer. To his amazement he recognised in the man the missing journalist.

The story of his disappearance was as follows: On passing the railway station, he had suddenly taken it into his head to spend a day in the country walking. Jumping into the first train, he travelled on until he came to a remote wayside station. He got out, and walked across the country.

While watching the labourers at work, it suddenly occurred to his jaded fancy that their life was infinitely happier than his own, and on the impulse of the moment, he tore off his collar and tie, made himself as grimy and ragged as he could, and applied for a job on the harvesting. He was taken on, and the novelty and freshness of the life so fascinated him that he chose to remain a farm hand indefinitely.

Had not his acquaintance suddenly turned up and persuaded him to return to Leeds, he would certainly have

worked on as a labourer.

This is only a typical instance of the motives which lead many seemingly happy and prosperous men to abstract themselves from their surroundings.

The Boer War is responsible for many romances, but few stranger than the rediscovery of Charles Winton, after thirty-eight years' absence, by his son. So long ago as that, Charles took a ticket to Sheffield, telling his wife he would return in two days.

For a generation nothing was heard of him again, his life being ultimately given up as lost.

At the beginning of the war one of his sons volunteered, and after serving through the campaign, entered Johannesburg with his force. He was astonished to see the name of Winton over a grocer's shop, and, curious to know if it was a relation, entered.

The proprietor, he was told, was ill with fever. He fetched a doctor, and, with his assistance, learnt his history. Winton was none other than the Charles of thirty-eight years ago, his own father. It is pleasing to relate that both father and son returned home

after the war was over.

Two notorious cases of disappearance are those of M.P.'s. Eighteen years ago Mr. Powell, the member for Malmesbury, disappeared in a balloon, and was never seen again. He ascended from England, and it is supposed he was lost at sea. But, for aught we know, he may now be on some desert island, another Crusoe.

The other instance is that of Mr. Douglas Pyne, member for West Waterford, who was last seen alive crossing from Dublin to Holyhead. Though his handbag and letters were found on board, nothing was ever seen of their possessor. He may have jumped overboard, or—but that is another mystery.

A concluding word of reassurance for those who may be the sufferers from disappearing relatives. Judging by cases in the past, the odds are enormous that the missing one will be found alive somewhere or other.

The overwhelming number of cases on record show that more people disappear out of caprice, to change their mode of life, than from foul play, accident, or any other cause.

WILL: "She takes a very small shoe, doesn't she?"

Nell: "Oh, yes."

Will: "What size?"

Nell: "Two sizes smaller than her foot."

ONE WICKET—ONE SHILLING.

Queer "Perks" and Strange "Tips."

In a case heard at the Marylebone Police Court the other day, it was stated that it [illegible] for brewery employées to be allowed [illegible] two quarts of beer daily; and, moreover, in many breweries, if they were unable [illegible] to drink their allowance on the premises, they were permitted to take it away with them on quitting work, to dispose of afterwards as they thought fit.

"No cheques cashed here" is the legend that meets the eye behind the saloon bar of a well-known Fleet Street tavern.

But this prohibition extends to the proprietor only. The sleek head waiter will always—well, nearly always—"oblige" with the "ready" in exchange for a crossed cheque, provided the customer is known to him, and the drawer is a firm or individual of standing.

It is a regular business with him, and he regards the resultant commissions, which he never forgets to deduct, as constituting one of the most valuable of the many perquisites attaching to his office.

The parish clerks of many rural livings visit every parishioner's house at Easter, and collect an annual perquisite of bacon and eggs.

Dissecting-room attendants are entitled, by immemorial custom, to a regularly graduated douceur for each portion of a "subject" they deliver to a student.

Formerly engine-drivers regarded as their special perquisite any coal saved owing to their skill and economy in running their engines, but this has now, on most lines, been commuted into a money award fixed according to a regular scale.

The amount is calculated from month to month, and is usually added on to the premium awarded by the directors of most systems to drivers who succeed in avoiding any accident, however trivial, to engine, train, or permanent way, during 365 consecutive days.

It is not, of course, theoretically necessary to place shillings on the stumps in lieu of bails, if you belong to a crack cricket club, and wish your "pro" to bowl his best for you during practice hours. But so many people do this, that you are apt to be obliged to follow the general lead, whether you wish to or not.

Similarly, a head keeper thinks himself "hard done by" if a "double event"—that is to say, two birds brought down right and left by the two barrels of the same gun at one and the same time—is not signalized by the lucky sportsman in the usual manner—*i.e.*, by a substantial "tip."

Racing customs regulating Turf "tips" and "perks" are many and varied. Perhaps the queerest is that which [illegible] that a patron's "colours"—*i.e.*, cap and jacket—once worn, become the property of the jockey.

If, as not infrequently happens, the owner wishes to retain them himself as a memento of some successful race, etiquette decrees that he must purchase them back from the employé upon whom he has, perhaps, only a few minutes previously, bestowed them.

Flat porters' "perks" are singular, and, singular to say, they are also plural. And they all come out of the pockets of the tenant.

The screw is put on before you take possession, and its tension is never relaxed until you quit.

For instance, you have to have blinds fitted. The porter sees to it—and draws his commission.

There is a little brass name-plate to be fitted above the electric bell at the foot of the staircase. The porter gets it engraved and placed in position for you, and charges you a guinea—about four times the proper price.

It is the same, too, with the linoleum that covers your landlord's boards and protects your carpets; with the electric light fittings; everything, in fact. You patronise—not the tradespeople you desire to give your custom to, but those he recommends.

He suggests, you accede. Of course, you are at perfect liberty to decline. But if you do—well, inquire of any flat-dweller what is certain to be the result of thwarting one's "janitor" in this respect.

But, after all, the individual who carries off the palm in the matter of perquisites is the chief locomotive engineer of a big railway.

His are the frequent premiums, usually not less than £150 each, paid by parents who want their sons to learn railway engineering. His, too, are the various commissions, secret or open, which pour into his department from manufacturers of material used in the workshops he controls.

He travels free over practically every line in the world, and this privilege extends also to railway-owned steamships and coaches.

And, finally, it is upon him, even more than upon the general manager, that are showered the jewelled scarf-pins, presentation watches, and similar "trifles," with which foreign monarchs, Indian princes, and other distinguished travellers of that ilk, are wont to show their appreciation of the arrangements made for their safety and comfort when journeying over "his" system.

To make a long story short—read Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

Romances of the Publishing World.

No One Would Print a Book by the late Duke of Clarence.

And "Vanity Fair" was Refused Several Times by Publishers.

As was also the now well-known "Lorna Doone."

A curious romance attended the production of Julia M. Crottie's book, "The Lost Land." When written, the authoress showed it to a lady friend, who took it away with her to read, and without Miss Crottie's consent sent it for inspection to a publisher.

She, however, neglected to inclose with it either her own address or that of the writer; with the result that the precious manuscript, the result of many long months of wearying and conscientious toil, was lost.

Nothing daunted, Miss Crottie set to work again and rewrote the book from the beginning. It was then sent to the editor of a London magazine, this time with name and address carefully stamped on every other page. Notwithstanding, it was again lost, and no trace of it could be discovered.

This second disappointment must have been a bitter one. But the fair authoress bore up under it, wrote the book over again yet once more, and in the end, as everyone knows, it got printed and

proved a big success.

Not often, of course, does a publisher knowingly refuse to undertake the publication of the work of a living Royal personage. Yet it has happened once, at all events, the circumstances being as follows:

King Luis of Portugal spent twenty-five years of his life in translating Shakespeare into his (the King's) native tongue. Then, when he had finished, he sent it to a leading London house to be brought out, preferring, so he said, that it should first see the light in Shakespeare's own country.

The firm first approached, however, would have nothing to do with the venture. Nor would the next, nor the next. The conditions were too onerous. And in the end the disappointed and disgusted monarch had the manuscript returned to Lisbon, and it was there printed and published by a Portuguese firm at His Majesty's own risk.

It is a fact not generally known that there was once in existence a lengthy and complete novel by the late Duke of Clarence. That it was never beheld by the great reading public—who would certainly have welcomed it with avidity—was due to the perhaps excusable ignorance of the head of the one and only publishing house

to which it was submitted.

His Royal Highness, anxious that the book, so far as the public was concerned, should stand upon its merits, affixed to the title-page the pseudonym of "Nixes." This he had previously used for some short stories, which had appeared in a defunct periodical entitled Agela, and he probably thought it would be recognised by the publisher in question.

That individual, however, had apparently never heard of it. At all events, he returned the manuscript to the messenger who called a week or two later to inquire as to its fate. And it was not until some time afterwards, and then only by accident, that he discovered he had "declined with thanks" both a handsome fortune—for such the book would most certainly have brought him—and a novel from the pen of the Queen's grandson.

Instances of publishers refusing books by unknown authors which afterwards achieved immediate and well-nigh limitless success are, of course, plentiful. A typical example is afforded by Blackmore's perennially-boomed "Lorna Doone," which was hawked about for months by the author, and adversely reported upon

by nearly every "reader"

in London, ere being accepted—and then not without considerable trepidation—by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co.

"John Strange Winter" absolutely failed to get any publisher to risk bringing out "Bootle's Baby" in book form, until it had achieved a unanimous and terrific success as the Graphic serial. Marie Corelli's first story, "A Romance of Two Worlds," narrowly escaped being consigned to permanent oblivion, Mr. Hall Caine (then Mr. Bentley's principal reader) having judged it unfavourably.

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was refused by a score of publishers, and brought out in the end at the author's own risk. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" met with similar treatment. That tremendously successful novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," was rejected—almost contemptuously—by practically every house of repute on both sides of the Atlantic. At length the author, Mr. Gunter, spent £185 in publishing and advertising it, and cleared over £10,000 by the venture.

To hark back a little further, Milton was obliged to accept £5 for the manuscript of "Paradise Lost." Fanny Burney modestly asked £50 for "Evelina," and at length, after a score of heart-breaking refusals, accepted in despair a paltry £20 for it. It sold as scarcely any other novel had ever sold before up till that time, and its gifted authoress had not the slightest difficulty in obtaining for her next story, "Cecilia," a cool £2,000 down.

For the inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield," a book that sells well even now, Goldsmith received but £70, and that as a favour. No one would have "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at any price, until it had achieved success as a serial in a Washington paper, whose editor was with difficulty persuaded into using it without fee or reward. The manuscript of "Tom Jones" lay for years dusty and neglected on a shelf in the author's study, and only found a publisher after Fielding had made a name for

himself as a dramatist.

It must not be supposed, however, that all publishers are invariably blind to the promise of genius. Quite the contrary.

To cite but one instance. Thomas Moore was as yet comparatively unknown, when the Messrs. Longman, detecting the vast possibilities that lay dormant in the man, and anxious to get something better out of him than the "pot-boilers" he was at the time turning out, offered him £3,000 for a lengthy poem, the subject to be chosen by himself.

Moore was then a poor man, and the sum mentioned meant for him comparative wealth. He shook the dust of London off his feet, buried himself among the Derbyshire Dales, and set to work assiduously to saturate his mind with Oriental facts and imagery.

The result was seen later on in "Lalla Rookh," a work so true to nature that it was translated into Persian and sung as a genuine native production in the streets and cafés of Ispahan.

Or, again, take the case of the pale-faced, quiet, round-shouldered lad who in the year 1862 was tying up parcels in Messrs. Hachette's publishing house at the munificent salary of a pound a week.

"Sir," he remarked timidly one day to his chief, "I have been reading one of Flaubert's novels. I am convinced that if I had time I could do as well—perhaps better."

"Very well, M. Zola," was the reply, "take time and try."

And M. Zola did as he was bid—with what result all the world knows.

WHAT MAMMA SAID.

An amusing story is told of a miserly old gentleman who visited his relatives uninvited.

One morning his little niece of five summers came up to him unexpectedly with the indignant question:

"Uncle, are you a cannibal?"

The gentleman was startled, and said:

"No, of course not, my dear child; but what on earth makes you ask?"

The little girl replied:

"Oh, I thought you must be, because mamma was saying this morning, just as you came in, that you always lived on your relations."

More men would be rich if money were as hard to spend as it is to earn.

"What would you do if I were to offer you work?"

"It 'ud be all right, mister," answered Meandering Mike. "I kin take a joke as well as anybody."

"That dentist calls his office a 'dental parlour.' Isn't it ridiculous?"

"It is, indeed. He should call it a 'drawing-room.'"

She: "You're so bashful, Mr. Callow, I really believe that if you ever marry the lady will have to propose."

He: "W—well, but I might have—er—nerve enough to decline!"

Papa: "Dear me, Mary! whatever are you going to do with all these trunks? Two, four, six—twelve of them. You can't fill more than one."

Mamma: "I know it, my dear; but we must make a decent appearance on arriving at the hotel."

"You must admit that you gave me some encouragement," said the young man who had been jilted.

"Yes," said the girl; "you see, father says that the first essential in the development of character is to learn to say no; and I wanted you to practise on."

SKIPPERS WHO MAKE A PILE.

And Some of the Ways in Which They Do It.

Captains of merchant vessels have a larger field than anyone else for the exercise of roguery, and many of them do not fail to work the field to the fullest extent.

The ways in which a skipper can build up a competency are numerous. First of all there is the iniquitous system of commissions. If the owners order the stores to be of a certain price and quality, the suppliers find it advisable to conciliate the captain, or there will be complaints. To compensate for this outlay, the supplier probably has to send in a part of the stores of quality inferior to that agreed, or the exact quantity is not always given, and this is winked at by the master. He has to sign for the goods or report on the quality, and there is no complaint from him.

Some skippers go farther. Fifty pounds' worth of stores are sometimes sent in, and the master signs a voucher for half as much again; the firm pays, and half, or more than half the surplus goes into the skipper's pocket.

It is surprising, too, to notice how quickly certain articles in the way of cutlery and linen will wear out, or be lost or damaged. Table-cloths, knives and forks, and the like, find their way to the home of the captain. The wives and families of some captains have an abundant supply of provisions at the end of a voyage, which means that the skipper has pinched the food supply at sea.

In those cases where shipowners allow a sum of money to the master for provisions, the dishonest commander will grind quality and quantity to the lowest point, thus adding to the banking account standing in his wife's name. The men may grumble, but the skipper has the ear of the owner, and the "common sailor" has no chance. The mates have occasionally to be kept quiet, which deprives the chief of a small portion of his hard-earned pilferings, but that is only a small drawback.

Not only the provisions, but also the ship itself and the cargo suffer at the hands of these men. Ropes and tackle will be sold at a foreign port, to the common danger; but the captain pockets the proceeds and accounts for the deficiency under the head of "dirty weather," or something of that nature.

Again, repairs at foreign ports run up the expenses from time to time.

Some of the depredations of skippers, in connection with the cargo, are enough to take your breath away if you are not in the swim. For instance, it seems incredible that a captain could appropriate ten ingots of copper—yet this was actually done. The information was given by one of the men who helped to carry them ashore at an American port. This was one of those cases where the mates have to be tipped; they had £2 each for helping, and the copper fetched £23.

One skipper found it necessary to throw overboard no fewer than fifty bags of good Russian wheat during a storm; a sudden moderation of the gale saved greater part of the cargo from the same fate. That was a loss; but it is not uncommon to throw over some of the cargo to lighten the vessel, and there are losses as well as gains in all businesses. But the strange part of the affair was that those bags of wheat were thrown over several days after the gale, and about 1,500 miles from the supposed spot—in fact, when the vessel was a long way out on another voyage.

How was that?

The bags had been removed and hidden, in the anticipation of being able to dispose of them at the end of the next trip; but, to the dismay of the skipper, the vessel was sent with ballast to a port where there was no chance of selling the ill-gotten goods. If the bags were permitted to remain in their place of concealment too long they might be discovered, so they were thrown over the side at night.

An "advance" on account of pay to men who desire to go ashore at a port of call gives the dishonest master another opportunity of making a little by charging interest. It may be that the men are entitled to an allowance, and thus no interest can be charged; but if the port be a foreign one, the captain does not fail to change the money for them and charge a high rate of exchange.

"If I could get a master's berth," once said a mate who held a captain's certificate, but had been unable to obtain the coveted position, "I would make enough in five years to turn up seafaring and retire."

He meant it, and, as he was "in it," he knew what he was talking about. Further, in support of his assertion, he mentioned a captain who, in a dozen years, had acquired property to the value of four thousand pounds. This was more than his pay amounted to in the whole period, to say nothing of the fact that he had kept a family in good style all the time.

Boys of all sorts—and girls too—will like to see THE BOYS' LEADER every week.

THE COST OF ANOTHER'S CRIME.

By NOWELL CAY.

NAMES TO REMEMBER.

MADELINE VERYAN, an Australian, whose uncle, Mr. Durnford, has asked her to come over to England; but, on her arrival, she receives a letter from his private secretary saying that she is no longer wanted. She goes to Kingstairs Castle, under the name of May Durnford, as governess to Dolores, the daughter of her friend, Lady Alverdale.

LADY ALVERDALE (VIVA), Madeline's friend. She mysteriously disappears, supposed to have been murdered by Madame Etoille, Dolores' former governess.

LORD ALVERDALE, Viva's husband. He asks Madeline to marry him, on the supposition that his wife is dead.

MRS. VANDERLYN, a near neighbour of Lord Alverdale at Kingstairs. She wants him to marry her.

ELI CURZON, the private secretary of Mr. Durnford, Madeline's uncle.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

Madeline Sees Mrs. Anstruther.

IT was Eli Curzon, whom she had not seen since his proposal more than six months before.

She could not under any circumstances, have reciprocated the pleasure which he appeared to feel at their meeting. For the instinctive prejudice which she had felt against him from the first had been insensibly increased by that expressed so forcibly by the late vicar of Kingstairs in his last talk with her, whilst his declaration of love had offended rather than flattered her, as a declaration of love is apt to do when it comes as a complete and unpleasant surprise. As it was, she could barely conceal her dismay at the meeting.

"What fortunate chance can have brought you here?" he was asking, and he seemed unconscious of the deliberate coldness with which she answered that she had business in town.

"You are expecting somebody to meet you here, are you not?" he asked, and in her uneasiness at the question Madeline could think of no answer but a direct untruth.

"No; what made you think that?"

"When I caught sight of you, you seemed to be looking out for somebody."

Madeline did not answer.

"And what brings you to town?" she asked hastily instead. "You are waiting for a train, are you not?"

"The train to Kingstairs; but I confess that my desire to catch it has evaporated since I caught sight of you. You can guess, Miss Veryan, what the attraction is that was taking me there. It is my first holiday since I saw you last, and I felt that I must see you. I have tried hard to obey your wish. You must admit that I have not troubled you, but it does not mean that I have changed or forgotten. I cannot forget you. Is it impossible, Madeline, for you ever to think of returning my love?"

On every side of them people were hurrying to and from the trains. As he spoke the warning cry of a porter made them step on one side to avoid the heaped truck of luggage he was wheeling. And all the while, as the man at her side bent close to her, whispering in his low, deliberate voice, Madeline was glancing furtively to right and left.

Was Viva in the station, and, if so, would she she her, or would she imagine that the train had come in without her? It was fortunate that her companion's appeal needed no reflection.

"I am sorry if it pained you, but it is quite impossible," she said.

His voice lost none of its deliberateness.

"Which means that your affections are already engaged?" he questioned, watching her face. "I think it would only be kind of you to tell me 'yes' or 'no,'" he went on, as she hesitated for an answer, "because I can't give up the hope of winning you—I have tried, and found it impossible—as long as I think you heart free to be won. If it is not, I must accept the inevitable, I suppose."

"Then you must accept the inevitable, please," she said quickly.

"Then there is one very, very fortunate man in the world," he said. "Is it permissible to ask his name?"

She was frightened to think that she had allowed this much of her heart's secret to be won from her, and answered more hastily than ever, with distress in her voice.

"You must ask me nothing. There is nothing that I can possibly tell you—except that it is absolutely impossible for me ever to care for you as you wish. Good-bye, I have an appointment to keep, and am late already."

She held out her hand as she spoke, and Curzon kept it in his.

"Won't you let me accompany you a little way? As you can imagine, the idea of a holiday at Kingstairs has lost its attractiveness, and I want to know all about you, and how you are going on. You are still at the Castle?"

"Yes, but I must bid you 'good-bye' now. I would rather that you did not accompany me."

"As you wish," he said suavely, and released her unwilling hand. "Good-bye!"

She moved away, conscious that his eyes were following her. It would be necessary to give him the idea that she was leaving the station, and she made her way out into the streets. She had passed up one and turned into another before she ventured to turn her head to find that Viva was hurrying after her.

After the agony of anxiety through which she had passed on her account, it came upon her as a shock to find that Viva was in one of her most light-hearted moods. She was laughing behind her veil as she slipped her arm affectionately into hers.

"What a chase you have given me! I was watching you all the time from a window of the waiting-room, and wondered how you would get rid of your friend. Who is he, Maidie? He seemed very confidential, and what a time he held your hand. Is he in love with you?"

"I am afraid that he may follow me," said Madeline quickly. "We cannot talk here; where shall we go?"

"I want you to come home with me and see my rooms. We go by the Underground. You need not be so frightened. Nobody can recognise me. Let us go back."

She laughed again at Madeline's evident apprehension, and ran on, chatting brightly about the scene in the station as they retraced their steps. She was very curious to know whether Curzon was the suitor that he had appeared to her.

"Somehow I have never imagined you as a girl who might marry, Maidie," she said, "you are so matter of fact and unromantic. I don't think that I should like you to marry. You would not seem to belong to me half as much then as you do now. You are sure you are not fond of him?"

"Not in the least. I shall never marry Mr. Curzon—or anybody else."

Viva was too pleased by the announcement to demand reasons for it. It would have surprised and displeased her to find her friend with any serious interest unconnected with herself. She chatted more brightly than ever about her rooms at Wimbledon, the beauties of the common, the church she attended, and the acquaintances she had made through doing so.

Madeline remained very silent. She was surprised and bewildered. In all her thoughts of her friend she had been imagining her the same broken-hearted, frightened, hysterical woman who had crept into the drawing-room at the Castle. She had not realised that such deeply-wrought moods could not become a permanent characteristic, even in natures less mercurial than Viva's.

To find her talking and acting like an ordinary woman with every-day interests only made her the more conscious of the terrible difference which distinguished Lady Alverdale from all innocent women, and she found herself judging her crime more harshly than she had ever thought of doing before. Everything seemed changed if Viva, instead of spending every hour, as she had imagined, in shame and heart-broken remorse, was trying to find new interests in life.

They entered a Wimbledon train on the District Railway after a few minutes of waiting, and secured an empty compartment, which they had to themselves for the whole journey.

In the train Viva's manner changed. Her voice trembled with self-pity as she inquired after Dolores and Alverdale. At the first sign of feeling Madeline found her tongue loosened. She had a hundred things to tell her, a hundred questions to ask.

She was eager to know what had happened after she left Viva in the drawing-room to take Dolores back to bed, although she did not acknowledge to herself that her chief anxiety was to know whether Alverdale's wife had seen anything of her own meeting with him.

It seemed that Lady Alverdale when left alone had at first locked the drawing-room door, but had shortly afterwards bethought herself that the precaution was an unwise one, and had unlocked the door and left the room by the window to await Madeline's return on the terrace.

Almost at the moment that she passed through the French windows her husband had entered the drawing-room, and, terrified lest he should have noticed her, Viva thought only of flight, and had not drawn breath until she was out of sight of the house. She had been too shaken by the narrowness of her escape to think of returning; but had walked all the way to Marramgate, taken train there to Canterbury, where she spent the night, returning to Wimbledon the next day.

Madeline was glad that she required no account of her own experience in return. When she urged upon her the advisability of leaving England, she found her very opposed to the idea.

"I was so lonely in New York," she said, beginning to cry. "Here I feel that I am near Alverdale and my darling, even though I cannot see them. And sometimes I can see you, Maidie. But why should I go? I am quite safe. Nobody dreams of suspecting who I am."

Her voice had risen, and Madeline glanced warningly upwards to remind her that the partition separating their compartment from the next did not reach the roof of the carriage.

Her own voice sank low.

"But you are not safe, Viva. How could you be so imprudent as to sell one of your rings? It has been recognised, and they are searching for the person who sold it."

The effect of her words was greater even than she had expected. All the easy confidence Viva had been expressing seemed dispelled in an instant. Her voice, lower even than Madeline's, now trembled as she asked anxious questions, and she began to cry hopelessly.

"I thought it was all forgotten," she said brokenly. "But you are right, Maidie. There can be no peace or safety for me here. I must go away. I must go away, and I can never see my darling again."

Before the end of the tedious journey was reached she had passed from this half-hysterical state of fear and misery to a dull lethargy and silence, which Madeline understood, because her father had been a victim of the morphia habit. She realised, as she ought to have done earlier, how much of Lady Alverdale's vivacity at their meeting had been due to the drug. But she made no reference to it. Words were useless.

For the last ten minutes of the journey the two had not exchanged a word.

As they left the train Eli Curzon watched them from the next compartment until they had passed the barrier, and then followed slowly, with a strange, excited brightness in his cold, slate-blue eyes.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

An Awkward Predicament.

MADELINE returned to Kingstairs by the last train. She had left her friend depressed, tearful, and nervous.

All the fear of discovery and punishment which had haunted Viva after the commission of her crime, but had grown more dull with every month of security that followed, was revived by hearing of the police activity in connection with the sale of her ring.

She had told herself that the affair was forgotten so far as public and police were concerned, and her sale of the ring, like her return to England and her visit to the Castle, had been the practical signs of her confidence.

Now her confidence was shown to be misplaced, and in a reaction of fear she was ready to agree with Madeline that her only real chance of safety lay in going abroad. Not but that she revolted against the necessity.

"It would be better to kill myself," she cried. "What if life worth to me, if I am never to see those I love?"

Madeline's heart was sick with pity for her hopeless position, but she had little to say by way of consolation. Viva had made happiness impossible—she wondered that she did not realise the fact more clearly. All that she could hope for was the chance of still saving her husband and child a terrible share in her punishment.

But it was with difficulty that Madeline persuaded her to put aside the thought of seeing Dolores again before she left England.

Viva pleaded with her as if it lay in her friend's hands to decide whether the visit would be safe or dangerous, and it broke Madeline's heart to have to resist the pleading. But it seemed to her that Viva might as well announce the fact of her existence to Alverdale at once as risk for a second time a visit to the place where everybody knew her.

It was agreed before Madeline left that she should begin at once making preparations for her departure. At present she seemed incapable even of deciding in what part of the world her retreat was to be made.

When her arrangements were made Madeline would see her off, and when Viva obtained a settled address they would correspond regularly, Madeline sending full accounts of Alverdale and Dolores, and remitting all the money she could for the refugee's support.

Lady Alverdale was too cowed and helpless to raise any protest against the sacrifice, and Madeline went back with a mind more at rest, although her heart was so heavy. She had at least done her best, and, after the mental tortures she had endured during the week, it was a great deal to know that her love for Alverdale had done nothing to increase his wife's unhappiness or complicate her position.

Alverdale was at the station to meet her. She had more than half expected it, and tried to prepare herself for the meeting. But the preparation was unnecessary. His manner, that of an intimate friend only, put her at her ease at once. She had expected constraint, and was conscious only of a grateful happiness, which she was too tired in mind and body to question or analyse.

"You are glad to see me?" he asked as he helped her into the waiting brougham, and she smiled.

"Very. I was dreading the long walk alone."

"You have had a tiring day," he said, and the solicitude with which he regarded her reminded her that her eyes were swollen with crying.

"And a sad one," she said. "I found my friend in great trouble."

"And you enter so deeply into the troubles of others," he said, with an admiring fondness in his voice. "Is the trouble one that money can help? If so, you must remember that I have plenty to spare, Madeline. You would not hesitate to ask me?"

"No, I should be very glad to. At present she has sufficient for her wants. It is the future that is uncertain. She is going abroad. If I find that she is in want I shall not hesitate to appeal to you on her behalf."

He was pleased by the promise, and said so.

"Your friend has lost her husband?" he asked, and Madeline was conscious of no falsehood when she answered gravely in the affirmative.

"And there is something about you which makes everybody go to you when they are in trouble," he said.

She felt completely at her ease with him. To-night it seemed to her that everything would arrange itself easily. Alverdale would remain satisfied with her friendship, and she would find it wholly contenting. Nor would the secret which must for ever remain between them need the constant guarding she had feared, now that Viva was going abroad, and she had given her an identity in Alverdale's eyes which would permit her in future to talk about the visits she might pay her or the letters she might receive from her.

She did not realise how much her mood was due to the reactions from the terrors and anxieties of the day, or pause to consider how illusive was her lover's manner, how impossible it was for a man who loved deeply and passionately to remain content with an empty friendship.

As a turn of the dark road brought them within sight of Salincourt, Madeline noticed that every window was lighted up.

"It looks as though Mrs. Vanderlyn is back at last," she said, with a smile at the remembrance of her past fear.

"She came back this evening, and I have already met her—by chance, on her way up. She seemed anxious to inform me that she had seen you at Victoria—with a companion."

For a moment only the quiet words frightened her. Then she remembered that it could not be Viva whom the widow had noticed with her, and she smiled with relief.

"You mean Mr. Curzon? Yes. I unluckily met him in the station. He was coming to Kingstairs, he told me, in the hope of seeing me, and in the few minutes that we were

together asked me again to be his wife. I told him, of course, that it was impossible. I did not guess that we were under observation."

His eyes met hers laughingly.

"I imagine that our friend at Salincourt wished to revive the fable of your engagement to Mr. Curzon. I was sorry I could not tell her outright that you were engaged to me, Madeline."

The note of appeal in his low voice disturbed her.

"But it is agreed that we are to be friends—never anything more," she said hastily, and was frightened by the sudden force in his voice.

"Agreed? Not for a moment. And the more I think of it, Madeline, the more certain I am that I shall never agree. Whatever your scruple is. I *must* overcome it. Do you think I could ever really submit to see my happiness and yours—for I can make you happy, Madeline—lost for the sake of a scruple which in my inmost heart and conscience I feel to be unnecessary. I can wait, but I cannot give up."

"But it gives me complete happiness to know that you are my friend," she protested, and once more the signs of distress in her voice checked him.

"I want more," he said, with a sudden return to calm deliberateness, "but I have promised not to bother you about it yet. I am sure you will come without any argument of mine to see the matter as I see it before the three months are over. I hate hurting you, dear, and I will not talk any more about it now. But since we have broken the silence, there is one question which you might answer to put my mind quite at rest, before we return to silence and become 'only friends' again. I want to know exactly what the distance between me and happiness is? So tell me, dear, is it on Viva's account, and on her account alone, that you changed your mind and decided that you cannot be my wife?"

His eyes searched her face earnestly for an answer, and her own fell beneath their scrutiny. How should she answer him when either answer must be both true and false. She dared not rouse his curiosity, even though her answer must leave him thinking that her decision was based upon nothing more substantial than a foolish sentiment.

"Yes; it was entirely on Viva's account," she said.

Her tone left him not fully satisfied. It sounded as though she were eager for him to believe her.

"And there is no other reason whatever?"

"None whatever."

Her voice was as eager as before, but he asked no further question.

"Thank you, Madeline," he said gravely instead. "You must forgive me if I have broken our agreement. I shall not offend again." And he began to talk about ordinary topics.

But Madeline's fallacious sense of peace was at an end. How could there be peace when a man like this loved her, and the only reason she could give for resisting his love was one which she could see herself was paltry and selfishly emotional? She must look forward to an unending contest. How could she bear it when his suffering was more to her than her own?

For the first time she asked herself in dread whether it was possible for her to remain at the Castle. And yet she must remain, not [illegible] he might keep faith with Viva and watch over Dolores, not through sheer need of money. She had committed herself to provide the refugee with money. Who but Alverdale would give her a salary as governess from which she could extract anything for her friend?

For a moment there came to her a temptation, as it had done before, to tell her lover the whole terrible truth. To think of the relief of sharing it with him made the impulse almost irresistible. To leave it to his strength and not her weakness to decide what should be done. He would suffer, but how much easier to bear would be the suffering that he shared consciously with her than that which she must seem to be inflicting on him arbitrarily.

It was scarcely the thought of her promise to Viva that enabled her to resist the temptation. It was rather the thought of Viva's child. For Alverdale's sake as much as Dolores', the former must never know that his daughter was the daughter of a murderess.

As it was, his keenest grief was to see in the child he adored the traits which had ruined her mother's life. What must his grief and dread be if he knew what the final result of those traits had been? It might even kill his love for her, and she could not expose to such a risk the child who, after Alverdale, was nearest to her heart.

Nothing could alter fact, but she had the feeling, a feeling stronger than reason, that in concealing it she was defending Dolores from its effects.

And all the while that her busy mind thought it all out afresh, she was listening to Alverdale's account of the lawsuit, losing no word of it, and answering him on the few occasions when they called for answer.

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"I believe you are thoroughly tired out," he said as they reached the Castle.

But, tired as she was, she was fated to receive another emotional shock there, another retort of Fate to the complacent mood with which she had reached Kingstairs. A telegram had just arrived for her, and, as she opened it wonderingly, she was startled to find it from Wimbledon. Viva must have wired almost as soon as she left her: "I must see her before I go away. Expect me.—ANSTRUTHER."

Madeline turned sick with apprehension as she crumpled up the flimsy sheet in her hand. The resolve, the needless announcement of it, not even intrusted to the privacy of the post, all mocked at the prudence she had enjoined, the need of caution which Viva had seemed whilst she was with her to feel as keenly as herself.

How could she possibly guide the affairs of a creature so entirely at the mercy of her wild impulses?

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

"You Know that I Love You."

ELI CURZON, who had spent a couple of days at Wimbledon, decided that it might, after all, be worth his while to visit Kingstairs, and he travelled down there on the third.

Leaving his Gladstone bag at the station, he walked direct to the Castle and inquired for "Miss Veryan."

The footman's blank stare made him correct himself quickly.

"I should say Miss Durnford."

He was shown into the drawing-room, and spent the time that he was alone examining a portrait on the wall. The man came back with the information that Miss Durnford was out with Miss Dolores.

Curzon was still examining the painting.

"This is a portrait of the late Lady Alverdale, is it not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And can you tell me in which direction Miss Durnford is likely to have gone?"

"She generally takes the walk through the wood, sir. You might find her there."

Curzon nodded.

"And in case I do not see her, I will leave a note."

He scribbled it off in the hall with a considerable sense of satisfaction:

"I want to have a talk with you about somebody at Merton Hall Road, Wimbledon. For the next hour or so I shall be in the Castle wood. If you do not see this in time to meet me there, call for me at the Alverdale Arms, if you have any reason why I should not communicate with the police. That would appear to be my duty; but, as you know, your wish is more to me even than duty."

He hesitated a moment considering what to sign himself, and contented himself with simply adding his initials. He could not count too much on his new power until he had seen her, and discovered how far his threat affected her.

He twisted the note into an elaborate triangle, scribbled "Miss Durnford" on the outside, and, leaving it on the hall table, strolled off in the direction of the wood.

Mrs. Vanderlyn was approaching the house, and recognised him as he turned away at right angles from the drive up which she was coming on foot. The sight pleased her.

Whatever the governess at the Castle might say, there must be some tie between her and this man to explain their meetings. Her own idea was that Madeline was playing a daring game, such as she had played herself in her time. She was angling for Lord Alverdale, of course.

Mrs. Vanderlyn could not imagine any woman in her position and with her opportunities not doing so. But meanwhile she was keeping another string to her bow, in the shape of this Mr. Curzon, in case her attempt to secure a higher prize failed. It was plainly her duty to open Lord Alverdale's eyes to her duplicity—if she could prove it.

She held up her dainty parasol languidly to attract the secretary's attention. She had never met him, but Mrs. Vanderlyn was not a woman who stopped at trifles of etiquette.

She had never found *men* offended by her unconventionality when she chose to be unconventional, and she was prepared to ask the young man with frank audacity whether the report she had heard of his engagement to Miss Durnford was true. But her signal was unnoticed. Curzon was disappearing from sight down the path that led to the wood, and did not turn his head.

Mrs. Vanderlyn walked on slowly to the house, without any very clear idea what she was going to say or do there. She had walked over as the result of an impulse, a restless eagerness to end, if possible, the suspense that was agitating her.

She had tried hard and consciously to win Alverdale's love. Everything made her desire him. His personality appealed to her no less than his title.

So far as she was capable of love, she loved him, and the very fact of Lady Alverdale's jealousy had filled her with a spirit of rivalry which at the outset gave force to her resolve. She would have braved the disgrace of the Divorce Court if it enabled her to triumph over her enemy and win her husband. And then Lady Alverdale had been murdered and her course had seemed made plain.

She had ascribed all Alverdale's coldness to respect for his wife. He would certainly marry again, and whom should he prefer to herself? It exasperated her to discover a rival—in a mere governess—and the exasperation hurt her pride.

She attempted to deny her fears to herself, but now she had followed Alverdale back to England, blindness was impossible. The position made her desperate. She must act, but she did not know how. She left herself to the guidance of impulse, and already saw in it the leading of Fate.

She had inquired, with her usual contempt of the conventional, for Alverdale himself. The footman believed "my lord" was out, but went to the library to inquire, and, as she waited in the hall, her eyes fell on the note for Miss Durnford on the table. It was easy to guess that Curzon had left it. Its wording, if she could but read it, would scarcely fail to throw some light on their relationship.

The footman was not actually out of sight for a moment. He came back to find the visitor standing listlessly by the table.

The library was empty. My lord was, no doubt, still out. He had started for the Vicarage immediately after lunch.

"Then I think I will wait on the chance of his returning," she said. "Lady Emily is enjoying her afternoon sleep, I suppose?"

The footman admitted that my lady was in her room.

"Well, tell Lord Alverdale as soon as he comes in that I am in the drawing-room," she said, and walked through without waiting for him to lead the way. Two minutes later, however, she evidently changed her mind, and returned to the empty hall to let herself out. As she stepped into the portico she came upon Alverdale, Madeline, and Dolores returning together.

She was conscious that not one of the three faces showed any pleasure at her appearance. Madeline looked pale and anxious, and Mrs. Vanderlyn felt some relief at the fact. "He has not spoken yet," she said to herself.

Alverdale himself appeared gloomy and constrained, and smiled with an effort. Dolores, who had refused to be bribed by the lavish presents the widow had brought her back from abroad, clung more closely to Madeline's hand, and stared at the visitor with frank hostility.

To-day Mrs. Vanderlyn did not think of conciliating her. She ignored her entirely, and gave Madeline the faintest of smiles. Her face glowed as she turned to Alverdale.

"I had just got tired of waiting for you, and I want your advice so badly. Will you walk a little way back with me?"

"Certainly; but won't you stay and have a cup of tea, Miss Durnford, can't you persuade Mrs. Vanderlyn?"

She ignored Madeline to make her excuses to him. She had some legal business about her property which had to be attended to at once. She had only walked over to obtain his advice before committing herself to a decision. They turned away talking about it, and Alverdale wondered innocently what need she could have felt for anybody's advice in the matter.

Glancing over her shoulder as she left, the widow noticed that Madeline had already caught sight of the note waiting for her, and she stepped out briskly until the end of the path leading to the wood was reached, and surprised Alverdale by her suggestion that they should go to Salincourt by way of it.

It meant a *détour* that increased the distance by more than half, but he had no objection to raise. He was in a mood to welcome the discussion of mortgages and investments as a relief. For the walk with Madeline had left him puzzling over her manner, a manner that could not but be strained and unnatural when she was nervously on the look-out for Lady Alverdale all the time that they were together.

Her manner not only puzzled, but distressed him. Madeline was so undeniably suffering deeply. He could see no reason for it. An instinctive emotion he could understand. But Madeline had felt no instinctive emotion against taking Viva's place.

The objection seemed to be the result of her calm judgment, and, as such, it disappointed him, because it made her judgment so different from what he had imagined it.

She had always seemed so humanly sympathetic, it made him wonder whether he had idealised her character altogether when he found her weighing the imagined wish of a dead woman, whom no action of hers could actually hurt, against the real happiness and welfare of the man she loved.

This was not the resolve of the Madeline he knew. He could not believe it. Rather than do so, he found himself wondering still, in spite of her declaration, whether there must not be some other reason she was concealing to account for her sudden change of resolve.

He could not forget the manner in which she had made it known, although he struggled against the suspicions which it had aroused. He could not but believe still that she had been expecting to find somebody other than himself in the drawing-room, and to give them money.

Was it possible that there was some secret in connection with the lives of her parents or relatives—it was impossible for him even to imagine any in connection with her own—which she felt that she must conceal at all costs, the existence of which made her feel unworthy to be his wife. If so, he must know what it was, and decide.

When her conscience was such a sensitive one he could understand her making much of a disability that did not matter at all. If she had allowed herself to fall into the power of a blackmailer, he must deliver her.

He would pull himself up, shocked at the lengths to which he had allowed his need of explanation to carry him, only to find himself remembering confirmatory incidents, looks of fear and distress which had crossed his sweetheart's face at certain questions, the feeling which he had always in talking to her that she was concealing something, the suspicion he had conceived, in spite of his will, during their walk to-day, that she was expectant and afraid.

The endless debate went on in his mind even while he imagined that he was giving all his attention to Mrs. Vanderlyn's appeals for advice, her protestations of gratitude for his assistance, her reiterated lament that she, with her weak woman's judgment, should have so much legal chicanery to combat unaided, except so far as she could count on his kind assistance.

They were walking along the broad, winding path that ran through the whole irregular length of the wood, Alverdale with his eyes downcast, and his arms folded before him in a characteristic attitude he had when thinking. The play of Mrs. Vanderlyn's wonderful eyes was entirely lost upon him.

Now, as they took a sharp turn in the path where it almost doubled upon itself, an exclamation from his companion made him look up, to find that a well-dressed young man, whose figure seemed in some way familiar, was strolling along slowly in advance of them.

"I thought that the wood was forbidden to the public," she said. "Oh, I see, it is Miss Durnford's friend, Mr. Curzon. I suppose he considers himself privileged.

"Curzon! I wonder what he can be doing here?" he said, and his companion glanced at him meaningly.

(*Continued on page 187.*)

A thousand prizes for a thousand boys—see THE BOYS' LEADER every week.

A BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY FREE.

HOW? Is it your wish to enjoy good health?

Would you like your blood purified, your nerves invigorated, and your system thoroughly cleansed from all impurities and poisonous matter?

Would you like a clear, bright, healthy complexion, free from pimples, boils, and skin eruptions?

Is it your desire to be free from everlasting headaches, despondency, brain-fag, inertia, languor, and general nervous debility?

We naturally take it you would. May we, then, give you a hint?

Kutnow's Powder is a remedy of such superlative value that we are willing in the first place to send you a free and post-paid sample of the same, in order that you may prove for yourself the correctness of our statement. By so doing you incur neither responsibility nor expense.

We are not wizards, but you may now test the greatest health restorer in the world by sending for a free and post-paid sample of Kutnow's Powder.

The free sample will not accomplish all the change desired instanter, but it will suffice to prove conclusively that at last you have discovered a valuable bracer for the nerves and a perfect cleanser of the system generally, which, if continued, will banish all derangements of the digestive and excretory organs.

You will find that's **HOW** to get good health.

DR. SCOTT NICHOL, WRITES:

"428 St. Antonie Street, Montreal, June 15th, 1903.

"Gentlemen,—Your Kutnow's Powder is the best of its kind on the market; its action on the stomach and bowels could not be improved. "SCOTT NICHOL, M.D."

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A FREE TRIAL
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To obtain Kutnow's Powder gratis fill up and send this form to S. KUTNOW & CO. LTD., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

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Pearson's Weekly, September 17, 1903.

NERVE NOTES.

The nerves are the electric wires of the body.

They convey all communications of the senses to the brain.

Extremely sensitive, they are susceptible to all functional derangements of the great organs of the body.

Impurities of the blood affect the nerves, most especially the excessive accumulation of uric acid.

Disorders of the stomach and liver cause the nerves to become weak.

Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, irritable, restless, and sleepless.

Most of the failures in life are attributable to want of nerve.

What is the remedy?

Physicians of the greatest eminence prescribe Kutnow's Powder.

This is the remedy which expels all impurities from the system, braces the nerves, banishes biliousness, headache, and that feeling of being generally "out of sorts."

By the use of Kutnow's Powder the liver is stimulated, the stomach is strengthened, the muscular and nervous systems regain all the elasticity and vigour of early youth.

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No hindrance to ordinary pursuits.
EASILY ADJUSTED. WORN WITH CORSETS.
MEN'S & WOMEN'S 3/9 per pair
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Send Measurement of Chest under arms. [illegible]
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Dept. 7, 13 & 15, [illegible] Street, DUNDEE.

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"Antexema" brings instant relief from the [illegible] itching of eczema, and quickly and permanently [illegible] the raw places. Should you be a sufferer from any skin trouble, write, naming Pearson's Weekly, for a free trial [illegible] of "Antexema," [illegible] copyright treatise on "Skin Troubles," [illegible] post paid in plain wrapper. "Antexema" is sold by all druggists, at 1/1½ per bottle, or post free from us for 1/3. Refuse injurious substitutes.
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A LONDON MARTYR.

PEACE AT LAST!!!

Phenomenal Power of "Daisy."

Read what a Relieved Sufferer says in praise:

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"For sixteen years I was almost a continual martyr to Neuralgic Headache. Doctors, and so-called remedies, did me no good whatever. A friend recommended me "DAISY," and after the first one I felt considerably relieved. The second one completed the cure. I am very grateful to "DAISY," and as often as I have tried them I have never yet known them to fail."

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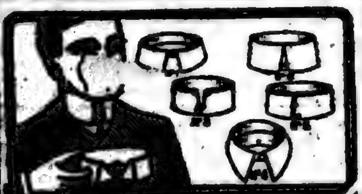

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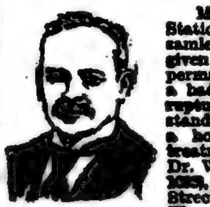
Mr. G. THOMAS.

Mr. G. Thomas, 1, Station Road, Llansamlet, whose photo is given herewith, was permanently cured of a bad double scrotal rupture of 40 years' standing by the use of a home method of treatment supplied by Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 1033), 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. The same method also cured Rev. H. Vyvyan, 44, Polsloe Road, Exeter, at the age of 81 years. Write to Dr. Rice for a free sample of this remarkable method which has cured thousands. Write at once. Don't delay.

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CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

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Size of Billiard Table ...	5ft. 4in.	6ft. 4in.
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CASH PRICES ...	£12 10.	£15
Or in 13 Monthly Payments of	24/-	28/6
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Abbey Effervescent Salt Co. Ltd., 144 Queen Victoria St. London, E.C. Post free on receipt of price, 2s. 3d.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

The torture chamber of mediæval days was a terrible place, now, fortunately, no longer in existence. But even yet, torture is not unknown in some parts of England. A remarkable case is reported from Birmingham. Miss Florrie Clarke, of Penn Street, says that until she tried bile beans for biliousness, eating always brought on torture, for she was a martyr to those terrible ailments, constipation and indigestion. To a representative of the Birmingham Telegram she said: "Twelve months ago I found my health impaired through constipation. I began to have indigestion and painful stifling sensations after meals, which were brought on really by constipation. All this time I was in agony through constipation, and, though it was clear that the best hope of removing the other ailments was to get rid of that terrible cause of them, nothing I could get in the way of medicine gave me any permanent relief.

"When I became so very weak that I found myself troubled with dizziness and fainting upon the least exertion, I placed myself in the hands of a doctor. He gave me every care, but failed to permanently remove the constipation.

"Some months ago a friend pressed me hard to try bile beans. I did so, and the effect of taking them was astonishing. I quickly improved. The constipation began to disappear, and after its removal the other ailments soon got less and less troublesome. I have now been transformed into a strong, healthy, hearty young woman. I am in excellent health now, never felt better or happier, and I have to thank bile beans alone for the blessing of it all." Bile beans may be obtained from all chemists, in boxes, at one-and-three-halfpence or two-and-ninepence. The latter size contains three times the quantity of the former. Don't take substitutes.

DOES A LITTLE HILL LOOK BIG?

Some people possess eyes that magnify. Everything they look at appears larger than it really is. Until bile beans for biliousness were introduced to Mrs. Emma Longhorn, of 18 Avenue, Maryhill, Glasgow, the slightest domestic duties seemed to her tasks of the greatest magnitude. That was because she suffered from that scourge of modern womanhood, anæmia. Anæmia is a medical word that simply means poverty of the blood. It makes little duties hard, and every hill a mountain. Palpitation, breathlessness, exhaustion, follow the slightest effort. Mrs. Longhorn found it so, but she also found that bile beans can cure it. Just imagine the simple effort of climbing stairs prostrating anyone! Yet to such a state of weakness had anæmia reduced Mrs. Longhorn that she collapsed after ascending a flight of stairs. Her case was, indeed, a sad one. She not only suffered great bodily pain, but grew terribly low spirited and cheerless. She was without appetite or energy, without even the hope of being cured. "At last," she said to a Glasgow reporter in telling her case, "my husband, who had heard of the good bile beans had done to sufferers from similar ailments, advised me to try them. I did so, and in a very short time I felt as if new life had been inspirited into me. All my pains, the palpitation, and the depression, left me. I continued to take the beans with increased confidence, and at last I found myself completely cured. I can now eat all my meals with relish, I suffer no pains whatever, and have recovered my strength and good spirits.

"I attribute my cure solely to bile beans, and I am glad to say that many women to whom I have recommended them come to thank me for doing so."

Bile beans are stocked by all chemists and sold in two sized boxes, at one-and-three-halfpence and two-and-ninepence. The latter size contains three times the quantity of the former. Take care not to be deceived by worthless imitations.

GOLD IN ENGLAND.

News is to hand that gold has been found in a plot of land in Durham. This establishes another connection between the coal county and the far off land, Australia. A few years ago a famous Australian chemist found—not gold, but a far more valuable substance. He discovered the vegetable substance which forms the chief ingredient in the famous household remedy, bile beans. From that discovery, not only Durham people, but people all over the globe have benefited. Now Mrs. Mary Greener, of North Terrace, Waterhouse's Colliery, Durham, says, that in finding these beans she has found something even better than a gold mine. To a Durham Advertiser reporter she said recently: "I became so bad from liver disease that it was impossible for me to lie down, and so I had often to sit up all night. I went to Sherburn Hospital for three months, but they could not cure me. I then consulted a doctor, but neither his advice nor his medicine did me the slightest good. I had constant pain in the back and side, could not eat, had terrible headaches, was sometimes so fagged and done up, and had such awful pains in the stomach, that I scarcely cared what happened to me. My son begged me to try bile beans. At first I refused, thinking they were same as other medicines. Then he read me a number of instances of the cures they had worked, and I determined to give them a trial. After a few doses, I experienced distinct relief. I continued to take them regularly, taking two every night for eight weeks, and the result is I am now in perfect health. I am now so hearty that I can eat anything. They have made me feel as I used to feel in my younger days, and I can recommend them to all who suffer from liver complaint in any form." Bile beans, which did so much for Mrs Greener, are obtainable from all chemists at one-and three-halfpence or two-and-ninepence per box, but you are warned against worthless, if not actually harmful, substitutes.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD.

A pretty nurse had barely left the porch of the hospital where she was engaged the other day and turned along the street, when a sharp pain shot right through her head. She at once knew that a bad headache was coming on, and, being a young lady of experience in medicines, knew also that the proper preventive was bile beans. Stepping into the nearest shop, she purchased a box, and thus escaped the terrors of headache. If you would not have your happiness spoiled by headache, indigestion, bad breath, heartburn, palpitation, or any disorder of the liver and digestive system, follow the nurse's example and take a few doses of bile beans. They will insure you that strength and vivacity, which only perfect health can give.

REFUSED A PENNY FOR A REAL SOVEREIGN.

"I've sold six!" said a man who, to decide a wager between two gentlemen, had stood at a street corner for half a day and offered real sovereigns at a penny each. People just wouldn't have nineteen-and-elevenpence given—or, rather, they would have had, if they'd known it was a genuine offer. It's very similar with bile beans. There are so many worthless substances sold for biliousness, indigestion, and liver ailments that, when the real thing is offered, some people won't listen. If you are a doubter, here is an easy way to settle your doubts. Cut out this paragraph from the September 17th issue of *Pearson's Weekly*, enclose it with a penny stamp (to pay return postage) to the bile bean company's Leeds depôt, and give your full name and address. You will then be forwarded a full sample box of this great vegetable preparation. Once bile beans are tried they are adopted as the family medicine. They are the "real thing," and this is a "genuine offer."

By Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

An economical and delicious beverage, specially suitable for summer sustenance.

How to obtain Free Boxes of Rowntree's Chocolates. Write to-day for particulars to "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, York.

Sulpholine Lotion.

For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

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Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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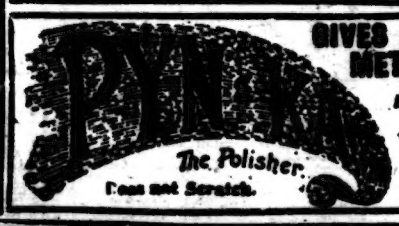

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It is to people who lack courage, whose nerves are shaky, whose eyes have lost their sparkle, whose brains are muddled, ideas confused, sleep restless, confidence gone, spirits low and easily depressed, who are backward, hesitating, unable to venture because they are afraid of failure, who need somebody to decide for them. It is to people who have part or all of these symptoms of nervousness and want new life, new force, we offer the well-known and wonderful

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has restored health and strength to thousands of weak and sick people and as we think, it is a positive cure and cannot fail. It pours glowing, tingling, vitality into you while you sleep; it rejuvenates, it makes warm circulation, stimulates the brain to activity, and fills the body with life, ambition, and endurance. In one day's use it will make you feel as if born anew. It furnishes the motive power that runs your body. It quickly banishes pain. It Cures Nervous Disorders, WEAK BACK, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, and Bowel Troubles, Sciatica, Pains and that Tired Feeling, AFTER EVERY OTHER TREATMENT HAS FAILED.

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PALMER STREET, WESTMINSTER.

All Stores, Gasfitters and Ironmongers sell Welsbach fittings. See the trade mark "AUR" on all Mantles and Burners.

THE COST OF ANOTHER'S CRIME (continued from page 184).

"I wonder. You had better ask him, as you are entitled to when he happens to be trespassing on your property."

She glanced again over her shoulder as she spoke. If the governess would only appear now, Alverdale could not even pretend to doubt that there had been an arrangement between the two. She was sorry that she had not deferred her walk with the chance of coming upon them together, but she had been obliged to plan everything very hastily, and she felt that her companion was at least disturbed by Curzon's appearance here.

If he had any intention of speaking to him, however, the secretary himself made the thought abortive. He must have caught sight of them, and evidently did not care to be overtaken, for he had quickened his pace, and reached the end of the woodland path, where it opened upon the road again by means of a tall, wooden gate, long before them.

At the gate Curzon hesitated for a moment, and then climbed easily over it. Alverdale pulled up suddenly.

"I am awfully sorry, I had forgotten that Walters has taken to keeping the gate locked. I am afraid that we shall have to go back, unless you care to wait here until I fetch the key. I ought to have thought of it."

"I do not mind going back at all. The wood is very beautiful," she said. Nothing could have pleased her better.

"I wonder whether we shall meet Miss Durnford," she added in her most languidly indifferent tone. "Somehow one never seems to see that man Curzon without also seeing the governess. And still they are not engaged, you say."

Alverdale hated himself for knowing that the same question had suggested itself to his own mind. Not that any jealousy was possible. He was perfectly certain of Madeline's love. That perfect half hour in which she had confessed it was never to be wiped out of remembrance by anything that she said or did. But, with every suspicion of an outside influence affecting her, the thought of Curzon had been connected in his mind, chiefly, no doubt, because he was the only person, so far as he knew, with whom she had any acquaintance away from Kingstairs.

"Perhaps you have a reason for thinking that we shall see Miss Durnford?" he said, with a sudden new suspicion of his companion.

Mrs. Vanderlyn hesitated for a moment.

"Yes," she said deliberately. "I knew that she was coming here to meet that man."

"And that is why you brought me here?" he asked sharply.

The emerald eyes met his indignant ones boldly.

"Yes; that is why I brought you here."

"Indeed!" The single word rang cold and cutting with contempt. The hardness of his face frightened her, and she felt her self-control giving way. It was intolerable that his anger should be turned against her and not against the woman who was deceiving him, from whose artifices she was trying to save him, and her voice trembled hysterically as she defended herself.

"I cannot bear to see you giving your thoughts to that woman when I know what she is, an adventuress whom that man we saw just now has the power to send to prison if he chooses. Ask her before me whether it is not true. Let her deny it if she can."

Alverdale's face had turned a shade paler, but his voice expressed only a cold, contemptuous anger.

"This is not the first time you have given me a false report about Miss Durnford. I am afraid that it must be the last, Mrs. Vanderlyn. As you have guessed, I have far too high a regard for her to continue acquaintance with a lady who slanders her without reason."

They had reached a turn in the path where it doubled back, and, glancing along the longer arm, she was disappointed to see no sign of Madeline. The governess had been cleverer, then, than she expected, and either noticed them turning into the wood or guessed what had happened, and her heart sank. Even her assertion that Miss Durnford was going to meet Curzon would be left without proof. Desperation seized her at the thought, and she burst into tears.

"Without reason!" she repeated brokenly. "Do you think I am as cold as you, and can stand by silent and see you wrecking your happiness for the sake of a worthless woman!"

"I think that more than enough has been said on the matter," said Alverdale, and the formality of his voice made her fling aside all restraint.

"How can you be so cruel," she cried though tears, "when you know that I love you!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

HE: "There is only half an hour before the train goes, and your trunk isn't half packed."

SHE: "Don't worry, dear. I have my bonnet on."

"Do you think my latest photo does me justice?" asked the girl who was beginning to forget her birthday anniversaries.

"Justice is not the proper word, dear," replied her girl friend. "It is really and truly merciful to you."

"IT must be admitted," said the courtier, "that our emperor has simplified education wonderfully."

"In what way?"

"In order to answer the questions: Who is the greatest general, diplomatist, critic, poet, and playwright, it is necessary only to mention his name."

AUNT: "What! sitting up writing at this hour?"

NIECE: "Yes, auntie; it's only a little note to Harry."

"Why, Harry only left five minutes ago."

"Yes, but there is something I forgot to ask him, and it's very important."

"What is it?"

"I asked him if he loved me, and he said 'Yes,' but I forgot to ask him if he would love me always."

ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

To Keep Sponges Soft and White wash them in warm water with a little tartaric acid in it, then rinse in plenty of cold water. Take care not to put in too much tartaric acid, or the sponges will be spoilt.

When Soot Falls upon the carpet or rug, never attempt to sweep it up at once, for the result is sure to be a disfiguring mark. Cover it thickly with nicely dried salt, which will enable you to sweep it up cleanly, so that not the slightest stain or smear will be left.

To Choose a Ham. Run a knife along the bone of a ham; if it comes out clean and has a savoury odour, the ham is good; if smeared and dull, it is either spoilt by taint or is rusty. Hocks and gammon of bacon may be tried in the same way. (*Reply to* KILDALKY.)

When Storing Plated Goods thoroughly wash all the silver, and then clean with powder in the usual way. Wrap each piece in silver paper and place in an air-tight box with a large piece of camphor. Plated goods will always tarnish if stored in a damp place. Be very careful to dry the inside of both tea and coffee pots, before polishing.

Boot Dubbing is what you want, I think; make it at home and you will be sure to have a good waterproofing for your boots. Take boiled linseed oil, twenty ounces; resin, four ounces; sliced beeswax, four ounces. Mix these ingredients and place in an earthenware jar, stand in a pot of water on the fire and heat gently till the ingredients are dissolved and thoroughly mixed. (*Reply to* A. ENGLAND.)

Cook Mushrooms as follows, and I am sure your family will find you know how to make a savoury dish: Wipe and peel the mushrooms, place on an old plate in the oven with a small piece of butter, salt and pepper on each. When nicely cooked, serve the mushrooms on slices of buttered toast and pour the juice that has flowed from them on to the toast. Serve very hot. N.B.—Clarified dripping or bacon fat may be used instead of butter if desired. (*Reply to* ELLEN).

Coffee Jelly. Pour a pint and a half of boiling water over two ounces of pure coffee in a a jug, pour off a teacupful, and at once return it to the jug. Let the coffee stand till clear and nearly cold, dissolve in it three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine powder at a slow heat. Add three ounces of white sugar, and stir till all is dissolved. Pour into a clean wet mould, and set to cool. This jelly is greatly improved if it is set in a border mould, and the middle filled with whipped cream. (*Reply to* EPICURE.)

Rhubarb Wine. For this have ripe rhubarb. Into one gallon of boiling water put eight pounds of rhubarb in thin slices, place in a pan and cover close with a thick cloth or blanket, and stir three times a day for a week; then strain through a cloth, and add four pounds of loaf sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one. To fine it, take one ounce of isinglass and one pint of liquor and dissolve at slow heat. Add to the rest of the liquor when quite cold and cask it. When the fermentation is over bung it down. (*Reply to* L. DROFLET.)

Acute Bronchitis. Opinions differ as to how this should be treated, and as a rule patients take a great deal of unnecessary medicine. If you wish to treat any such disorders as bronchitis, erysipelas, etc., successfully you should read the invaluable articles concerning these ailments which are given in that invaluable little paper HOME NOTES, for this week, viz. that dated September 17, and I feel sure you will obtain much help from them, for bronchitis and erysipelas come to both children and adults, and generally speaking the former has a tendency to assume a more dangerous form in children and old people than in the young adult and middle-aged. There is another article on "Woman's Work" besides much that is useful and of interest in HOME NOTES this week, and all for the small sum of one penny.

To Renovate Black Chip Hats. A correspondent sends a recipe she finds useful. Take a very little salad oil and a fine brush. With a clothes brush remove all dust and then apply a little oil all over the hat, brushing it in well. Then rub with a piece of black material and the hat will be nearly equal to new at the cost of about a penny. (*Reply to* WILKS.)

This Sponge Pudding will prove excellent if steamed for over three hours: Chop very finely three ounces of suet and rub into six ounces of flour, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking-powder, three tablespoonfuls of caster sugar. Beat up one egg with as much milk as will work all into a nice batter and put in a well-greased basin. For flavouring, use the rind of a lemon, or a tablespoonful of marmalade chopped finely. (*Thanks to* KATE.)

Herb Beer made as follows will be found an excellent drink, and one a correspondent has used for many years with success: Take one ounce of horehound, one ounce of burdock, one ounce of hops, one ounce of gentian, five ounces of ginger, and two pounds of sugar. Boil all together in six gallons of water for an hour and pour off; when cool add a halfpenny worth of German yeast. Stand for twelve hours, then strain and bottle. (*Thanks to* WATERLOO.)

In Washing Poultry attention should be given to the vent. Fowls which are bought in the market-place should be drawn at once, and if in the least malodorous the last washing water but one should contain a teaspoonful of powdered borax; this is best used warm, but for the final rinsing cold water is right; all the parts should be thoroughly dried. Rabbits should be treated in the same way. Any blood-stained parts should at the same time be soaked in salt and water or blanched.

Macaroons. Blanch half a pound of almonds and dry in the oven, then pound finely, moistening them with the whites of egg. When the almonds are in a fine paste add half a pound of powdered sugar and one lemon grated, work all till nicely mixed and perfectly smooth. Form the macaroons by dropping pieces the size of a walnut upon a buttered baking tin. Cook in a moderate oven until they have taken a beautiful tint. Let the macaroons cool before taking from the tin. (*Reply to* AUGUST.)

To Bottle Tomatoes Whole. Select some tomatoes of equal size which are just ripe and perfectly sound, wipe them and put into glass jars, which have been sterilised in scalding water, add a good teaspoonful of salt to each and fill to overflowing with cold water. Wrap round the bottles to keep them from breaking and place them in a boiler and fill up with cold water; let it boil up and then simmer for half an hour. Screw on the tops or cork the bottles and leave them in the water until it is cold. Run the handle of a long spoon round the bottles, which should be very full, pour in a small quantity of melted wax, screw on the tops securely or use wax for the corks, and when set store in a dry cupboard.

Tomato Soup. Take twelve fresh tomatoes, two onions, a head of celery, two sprigs of parsley all cut up finely, place in a sauce-pan with one quart of boiling water and boil for one hour; press all through a sieve and return it to the sauce-pan, season with a tablespoonful of salt, the same quantity of butter, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour, moistened with cold water and some of the warm soup before pouring it into the sauce-pan; should the water have boiled away, add more to replace it, boil all for five minutes while continuing to stir, add a little cream and serve hot with toasted bread. Should it be more convenient to use milk instead of cream, put half a saltspoon of carbonate of soda into the soup before adding it, otherwise it will curdle. (*Reply to* A.H.S.)

French Polishing should always be performed in a warm room, where no air comes in from doors and windows. To obtain a good polish, pour a little linseed oil into one cup and polish into another. Next take a piece of woollen rag and roll it up into a ball. Soak this with polish and cover it with a piece of old linen lightly strained over it. This is called a pad and should be taken by the right-hand fingers, and held in such a manner as to draw it tight and show a smooth surface to work with. To use, apply one drop of oil, ditto polish. The wood should be thoroughly smoothed with glass paper, and wiped perfectly free from dust and grit. Polish with a free, continuous and even stroke, applying very slight pressure. Gradually work over all the surface, varying the position of your strokes, but keeping them even and remembering that every piece of surface should receive an equal quantity of polish. This process should be continued till the grain of the wood is filled up and the surface presents a uniform appearance. If you carry out these directions faithfully I am sure you will be pleased with the results. (*Reply to* LEWES.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903.		1903. JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
Good Friday	*April 10.*	W 1 8 15 22 29	S 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27
Easter Monday	*April 13.*	T 2 9 16 23 30	M 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28
Whitsun Monday	*June 1.*	F 3 10 17 24 31	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29
Bank Holiday	*August 3.*	S 4 11 18 25	W 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30
Christmas Day	*December 25.*		T 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31
Boxing Day	*December 26.*		F 7 14 21 28			F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25
			S 1 8 15 22 29			S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26

If Not, Why Not?

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

BY the time this paper is in your hands the first number of THE BOYS' LEADER will be on sale. I sincerely hope that you have secured a copy, and that it is to your liking. The Editor of THE BOYS' LEADER tells me that he has many surprises in store, both in the way of literary matter, illustrations, and prizes, so that boy readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, and all parents who have boys, should secure the next number before it goes out of print.

Now I have done it! I said in the announcement of the award to Miss Irene Wallace in connection with Mr. P. Doubleyou's prize that Liverpool Wins," whereas I should have said that Bootle wins, as Miss Wallace lives in Bootle. This deplorable error has been driven home to me by some thousands of letters from Bootle readers, one of whom writes: "As we stood for our independence, so we will stand for our feminine beauty. Miss Wallace resides in Bootle, and not in Liverpool. We consider the honour of Bootle to be at stake."

"SOLDIER" has observed the words in the insurance coupon: "The deceased must be an *ordinary* ticket-bearing passenger, including holders of season and excursion tickets," etc., and says that no mention is made of soldiers and sailors and their families, who travel with special stamped tickets, nor does it say anything about troops moving in bodies, in which case the soldiers individually do not have tickets. So "SOLDIER" is therefore anxious to know if people travelling under these conditions are covered by the *Pearson's Weekly* insurance scheme. ——Most certainly they are. The soldiers and sailors—to whom you refer are travelling as passengers in the ordinary sense, although they do not pay the full Parliamentary fare.

T. B. writes: "In a recent number of your paper you said that if one paid for an annual subscription to *P.W.* one need not carry the paper nor sign the coupon. Now, I have my paper sent every week from my newsagent, and pay when I happen to be that way once a month or so. Does that come under the heading of annual subscription?"——Certainly not. An annual subscription is a subscription which covers the cost of the paper for a year. In order to enjoy the benefits of our insurance schemes without signing the coupon you should pay 4s. 4d. to your newsagent, and then send his receipt to us, and we in return will send you a certificate entitling you to the privileges of the railway and cycling insurances.

IT is one of the peculiarities of the English language that it contains a number of words which, though spelt differently, are pronounced alike. A penknife will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who send in, on the back of a post-card, the best sentence containing such words, as, for example: "He could not afford to pay his fare to the fair." Post-cards should be sent to the SAME EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than by first post on Wednesday, September 16th. Proper names are not allowed in the sentences.

E. R. writes: "I have recently been reading Dickens' writings on America in 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Can they be taken as bearing on the America of to-day, or have things altered a great deal since they were written?"——When a writer like Dickens takes up a subject, one may be sure that he will see far beneath the surface of things, and not deal with mere passing manners and phases. Certainly America was far less developed when he wrote those books. There were no sky-scrapers and elevated railroads. New York was a small town, Chicago little more than a village. So Dickens missed a great deal of "copy" by being born too soon. But the bulk of his remarks and descriptions hold good, in spite of time. America has developed wonderfully, but it is still a new country, and the peculiarities noted by Dickens exist all the same.

"IN your recent article, 'Why You Should Not Kill Flies,' did you intend to refer to the house fly?" asks A. K., "because I see that medical papers have recently been saying that they are carriers of disease, and should be stamped out."——Our contributor did his best for the fly, and what he said was, in general, true. Flies have certain work to do as Nature's scavengers, which cannot be left undone. At the same time, there is something to be said against the fly. While engaged on its admirable work of removing decaying matter, it can well be left alone. The worst of it is that it flies from its work to one's house, and carries with it disease germs, which it distributes on one's food. In the Spanish-American War enteric was spread by the house fly in this way. The flies steeped in infected matter, walked over the soldiers' food, and spread the disease. Cholera and ophthalmia are other diseases spread by the fly in the same way. A fly's leg, according to doctors, is the very thing for secreting microbes. So that, while there is a great deal to be said in favour of the fly, there is also a lot to be said against it.

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU'S LATEST EXPERIMENT.

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU is going up in a balloon. It will not be an ordinary common or garden ascent, but one which will be of great importance from a military point of view. To begin with, you have probably heard of the experiments made by the Rev. J. M. Bacon in carrying dispatches over an imaginary enemy's lines. Mr. Bacon has on more than one occasion started on a balloon trip with dispatches in his pocket, and has offered a reward to the cyclist who, starting from the same place as the balloon, succeeds in ultimately catching him. These experiments have been acknowledged by military authorities to be of great value. I have now arranged with the Rev. J. M. Bacon to make a special balloon journey in company with Mr. P. Doubleyou. The ascent will be made on Saturday, September 26th, between three and four in the afternoon—provided, of course, that the weather does not make it impossible. Mr. P. Doubleyou will carry on his person a sealed envelope containing a crisp ten-pound note. This will take the place of the military dispatches. This ten-pound note will become the property of the person who first touches Mr. P. Doubleyou after the balloon ascent is over. You may start on your bicycle and follow the balloon the whole way, or you may take up the scent at any portion of the route. Moreover, you may follow on motor-car or motor-bicycle, or on foot, just as you please, and the person who secures the ten-pound note may be either a lady or a gentleman. As we go to press so far in advance with this number of *Pearson's Weekly*, it is possible that some minor alterations may take place before the actual ascent. If so, this will be notified in the DAILY EXPRESS, at the foot of the first column on the second page.

"IN writing to a peer," writes R. M. L., "I should start off 'My Lord,' but supposing the letter were to be signed by a firm, such as John Smith and Co., how should his lordship then be addressed? You could hardly put 'My Lord,' could you?"——When you address a peer as "My Lord" you do not necessarily imply that he is your own private "Lord." "My Lord" is the accepted form of address to a member of the nobility, just as "madam," which means "my lady," is to a woman. Messrs. John Smith and Co. would therefore address a nobleman as "My Lord," signing themselves as "Your Lordship's obedient servants."

Do not think that because we have had no summer to speak of that the little children whom the FRESH AIR FUND was founded to benefit do not need the outing. The hot, heavy air of midsummer in the slums and alleys of our great cities is bad enough, but let me tell you that the damp, humid atmosphere such as we have been having during the past three or four months is infinitely worse. There are many days in which it is dull and heavy in our big cities, while in the country it is supremely bright and sunny. These are the days in which the little ones should go out in FRESH AIR FUND excursions and get a glimpse of Paradise. NINEPENCE pays for a Day in Paradise. Surely you can spare ninepence! If you cannot, then spare sixpence. By so doing you will pay for two-thirds of a child. Rest assured that someone else will pay for the other third. You frequently spend sixpence in little luxuries which you could well do without for once. Why don't you send that sixpence to the FRESH AIR FUND? It is only a matter of a little energy in getting the stamps, and that expenditure of energy will be repaid a thousandfold by the knowledge of the huge amount of pleasure you are giving. There is no cheaper charity than the F.A.F. Every farthing subscribed goes towards benefiting the children. There are no deductions for office expenses; these are shared equally by the Ragged School Union and the proprietors of this paper. Now, do you see what you can do towards sending in your mite, if you have not already done so? It is not much that is asked of you, so think it over, and let us hope that the result will be favourable to little ones whom you may lift out of despair into happiness.

MR. ALBERT GILMER, the manager of the Oxford Music Hall, has just forwarded a cheque for £30 15s. 4d., which has been collected at "The Oxford" during the recent engagement of Miss Queenie Leighton, who, in her song "Mr. Dooley," made a special appeal for the FRESH AIR FUND. I am sure that the little mites who will be benefited will be very grateful to Mr. Gilmer for his kindness in allowing the collection to be made. Mr. Gilmer, in his letter inclosing the cheque, expresses the hope that the children may have a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £2,292 12s. 7d.

F. Brand, 1s. 6d.; C. and F. Bourne, 1s. 6d.; D. Pritchard, 2s. 6d.; Bardsea Bay, 3s.; C. O. R., 4s. 6d.; Naylor and Co. Ltd., £2 2s.; Colin Campbell, £1 1s.; A. J. C., 1s. 6d.; Clare Browne, 5s.; Calculus, 5s.; G. H. S., 1s.; George, 9d.; M. M. Grimsby, 3s.; M. Oyston, 1s. 6d.; Alice Booty, 2s. 3d.; Blank, 10s. 6d.; Babs, 2s. 1d.; E. Ainsworth, 3s.; W. Scott, 2s. 3d.; E. Crooke, 2s. 6d.; Caldicall, 2s.; A. Taylor, 5s.; A. Rudolph, 6s.; W. Family, 6s. 6d.; M. Clifton, 9d.; The Sandringham School Children, 5s.; Unclaimed Purse, 5s.; Annie, 5s.; A. B. C. (Holborn), 2s.; E. Green, 2s.; M. C. K., 1s. 6d.; Progressive Religious Society, 1s. 6d.; E. Owen, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; E. N. S. M., 2s. 6d.; Louie Yates, 10s.; E. H. B. M. O., 10s. 6d.; Albert Waincough, 5s.; W. E. G. (Streatham), £1; L. F. Logey, 7s.; M. K. D., 9d.; J. P., 3s.; E. Eaton, 2s.; A Friend, £10; Taikoo (Hongkong), £2 15s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Tatcho, 1s. 10d.; W. L. M., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; W. C. F., 2s.; F. Pepper, 10s.; W. C., 1s.; Wellwishers SS. Police (Johannesburg), 12s.; J. A. Johansson, 10s.; C. F. Winson, £1; The Twenty-three, 15s. 6d.; Eileen, 7s. 6d.; Janet G. and H., 2s. 3d.; Harold and Elsie, £1 1s.; 26 Chelsea Road, W. Kensington, 10s.; W. Betteridge, 5s.; H. Chappell, 1s. 6d.; M. Thacker, 3s.; Esmond, 3s.; S. Nicholas, 3s. 6d.; L. and L. Grant, 2s. 3d.; Miss Yulll, 3s.; G. Austin, 1s. 6d.; G. Lindy, 2s. 6d.; H. Priddle, 3d.; A. E. S. G., 1s.; D. Magrath, 5s. 6d.; J. Wright, 5s.; S. R. Richmond, 1s.; R. E. W., 2s.; T. Dutton, 9d.; Lily Field (Chadwick), 1s.; Arthur (Putney), 1s. 6d.; M. Richardson, 3s.; An Old Brighton Ragged School Boy 1s. 6d.; M. C., 10s.; A Few Friends in Hull, 5s. 6d.; Sand Models (Blackpool), per W. Rimner, £1 10s. 10d.; A. W. Marshall, £5; E. W. B., 4s. 6d.; J. Hutchings, 1s.; Rckab, 10s.; E. White, £1; Geo. E. Donors, 4s.; A Thankful Mother, 5s.; The Goodday, per Miss E. Coppock, £3 3s.; H. Perry, 1s.; A. B. R., 3d.; W. G. B., 2s. 3d.; C. Smith, 1s.; R. L. B., 10s.; G. K. Stubbs, 9d.; A. L. Lacheur, 2s. 6d.; In Memory of B. M., 3s.; N. T. C., 2s. 6d.; E. Bayliss, 9d.; Nauhtotal, 5s.; Carmi J. Smith, [illegible]; E. M., 2s. 6d.; An Old Friend, 1s.; C. P. H., £1; Parker, 2s.; T. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Miss E. McInerny, 6d.; A. F. Hilton, 5s.; Surplus Picnic Money H.M.S. *Repulse* and *Vindictive*, 13s.; Holland-Belgium, 3s.; Mrs M. E. Spanla, 5s.; Semponius Scratchpole, 10s.; Gladys, 2s. 6d.; H. S. Cooper, 10s. 6d.; J. Rivers, 5s. 6d.; A. B., 3s. 6d.; H. and C., 4s. 6d.; Messmates and A. Briggs, 2s. 7d.; E.R.A.'s of H.M.S. *Indus*, £2 18s.; Marian Lyon, 9d.; All Saints (Gosport) Flower Service, £2 7s. 6d.; Theo. Roy, and Leslie, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Lillycrop, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. E. Chapman, 9d.; Dorothy, Edgar, Alan Cobb, 9d.; Torquinians 1s. 6d.; Walter Harter, £1 1s.; Essex Calf, 1s. 6d.; Peeping Tom, 9d.; A Few Pupils Cambridge Road Grammar School, 3s. 1d.; T. Robertson, 6s.; Mrs. Hooper and Family, 9s.; One Who Lives in the Country, 1s. 6d.; Lionel C. Lawrence, 5s. 6d.; Mrs. King, 1s.; F. Treloar, 3s.; Aubrey Martin, 3s.; Amy Mott, 1s. 6d.; Miss E. M. Battle, 4s. 6d.; Dorothy Gordon, 10s.; Miss S. Warren, 16s. 6d.; Alan Crombie, 10s.; Miss C. E. Larmour, 4s. 6d.; Dan and Sandy, 5s.; F. S. Widdows, £1 1s.; Maud G. Moss, 12s. 6d.; John Ritchie, 2s. 3d.; Erskine Tee, 5s. 3d.; Water Wade Jackson, 1s. 6d.; Doris Mabel, 2s. 3d.; Cammie, 1s. 6d.; Mollie and Dorothy, 3s.; L. A. C., 4s. 6d.; Mrs. Reginald Tarleton, 5s.; Jennie H. Smithson, 2s. 6d.; E. Paget Winer, 2s. 6d.; W. Alexander and J. A. Buttler, 1s. 6d.; W. B. C., 5s.; C. A. H., 1s. 6d.; P J. P. (collected in pennies), 3s. 6d.; Result of Small Game of Cards, 2s. 3d.; A Few Sympathetic Boys, 2s.; Miss Andrews, 5s.; Eva Flood, 9d.

COLLECTED.—W. Bradley, 9s. 10d.; G. Q., 4s.; Edwin Bowling Club £2 2s.; Miss M. Fairclough, 16s. 6d.; Master Clifford Haley 3s. 9d.; London Hall, Rugeley, 10s.; W. Seager, 1s.; Miss C. Hutton, £1 11s. 11d.; Miss L. Kettle, £1; Archer Hemming, 1s. 6d.; Miss T. Grundy, 2s.; Grace H. K. James, 7s. 6d.; Employees C. W. Cross (draper), 15s.; Sophy Tye, 3s.; Collected in Pennies (F. C.) 5s.; F. Hall, 5s.; Sunny Dick Neston, 12s. 6d.; H. Willgoose, 4s. 6d.; Dorothy Macdermott, 2s. 3d.; J. Holland, 2s. 6d.; Dulce Engliss Rischolme, 7s. 6d.; The Children of Whitten D. School, 10s.; The Regent's House, 5d. James Court, 10s.; R. L. Jamieson, £1; H. Mitchell, £1 1s.; R. W. Milton, £2; R. F. Ladbrooke, 10s.; Rowland Drowley, 2s. 3d.; F. Hargreaves, 3s.; W. H. Ashworth, 3s.; R. Forth, 10s.; Employees of J. W. Kennard (Annual Outing), 6s.; H. Saywell, 5s.; S. S. Bagley, £1 1s.; Ordnance Factories, Cossipore, Calcutta, £1 14s 10d.; Jane H. and Edna A. Marchall, £1; E. Stafford, 2s. 6d.; Dorothy M. Pocock, 5s.; Miss A. Puttenden, 10s.; C. Tower, 4s.; Miss M. Harvey, 2s. 6d.; Malcom Watson, 4s.; Cyril Simpson, 5s.; Claude and Jack Wortington, 10s. 6d.; Neva B. Bingley, 3s.; Baker and Son, 9s. 0½d.; G. H. Simpson, 3s.; Free Writers, &c., in the Central Office, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich £3 2s.; Miss R. Allen, £4; G. Mance, 2s. 6d.; Kathleen Jessie Rayless, 5s.; Corridge, 12s. 6d.; H. Tansley, 5s.; Mrs. H. M. Silva £1 17s.; G. King, 7s. 3d.; E. A., 10s.; Gladys Kempe, 5s.; Madame L. Fortier, 5s. 10d.; Marjorie Bidgood and Winnie Child, 5s.; C. T. Briggs, 4s.; Winifred Green, 3s. 9d.; J. Carrie, 5s.; T. B. Southpool, 1s. 8d.; Elsie Bridgen, 3s. 1d.; G. M. Vincent, 2s. 6d.; G. A. S. Laugharne, 5s. 2d.; The Result of Amateur Photography, 5s. 6d.; H. G. Griffiths, 5s. 6d.; F. Underdown, 10s.; C. P. Allerton, 7s.; Little Girl Aged Eight, 13s.; S. T. B., £1 1s.

Grand (*P.W.*) Total, £2,405 10s. 4½d.

£2,000 INSURANCE.

484 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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